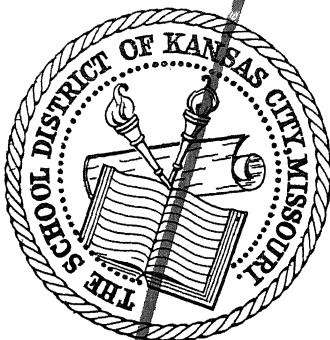


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THE TRAGEDY
OF
ALBERTVS WALLENSTEIN.

[1640.]

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ALBERTVS
WALLENSTEIN,

Late Duke of Fridland, and Generall to
the Emperor *Ferdinand* the second.

Written by HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Cedant carminibus reges Regumque triumphis.

The Scene, *Egers.*

And Acted with good Allowance at the Globe
on the Banke-side, by his Majesties Servants.



Imprinted at *London* by *Tho. Paine*, for *George Hutton*,
and are to be sold at his Shop within Turn-stile in
Holborne. 1640.

The Epistle.

that it would bee an errour in the religion of my duty, should I question your remission of this audacious crime, the offence being onely the acknowledgement of my respective service to you. Works of this nature have alwaies assumed this privilege, to aspire the noblest for their Protectors. Since then authorised by custome, worthiest Sir, it cannot bee a diminution to your fame, nor repugnant to the gravity of your most serious employments to have him by public profession known your servant, who hath long since by particular devotion been

The humblest of your honours,

HEN. GLAPTHORNE.



In cædem Alberti Wallenstenii,
ducis Fridlandiæ. 1634.

Tvus etiam superbe Dux Fridlandiæ,
Dignus cothurno lugubri interitus meos
Elicit Iambos? lugeant, quibus placet
Vacare lachrymis. Filia ac Viduæ fat est
Laniare crines, plangere & manu sinus,
Non ego sepulchro (si tamen quisquam tibi
Honor sepulchri detur) assideo gemens,
Non tibi Camæna funebrem panegyryn
Epicediumve dedicat, potius sibi
Jam gratulatur, læta Gustavo diu
Tui quodhæc te viderint superstitem;
Revenderit sed Egra (1) Lutzeno vicem;
Feralis Egra, dirus hospitii locus,
Splendore mensas quæ Lycaonio struens,
Grandique cogens solvere pretio dapes,
Gladios, bipennes, tela, tormenta apparat.

(1) Rex Sueciæ in pugna ad Lutzenum commissa; Walstenius
Egræ interfectus.

*Hæc Imperator ducibus, & Walslenio
 Gustanda cautus miserat bellaria.
 Non ille tantum cæde gaudet hostium,
 Sed & fuorum sanguine impleri iubet
 Egræ penates, prohi deorum numina !
 Quantum cruoris Austriaca superbia
 Sibi litatum lambit ! & tamen fitit
 Adhuc cruorem, sævior Pelopis domo.
 Nullusne tandem cædibus dabitur modus ?
 Modum sed illa cædibus dedit tuis,
 Alberte ; qui, dum Ferdinandi copiis
 Vexilla pandis, Ferdinandi perfido
 Iugulum daturus advenis fatelliti.*

*Vbi illa tandem gaza, quæ Bohemiam,
 Silesiamque, agrosque Brandenburgicos
 Fretus perambulaſti ? ubi est exercitus,
 Diro tuorum quo ministro facinorum,
 Homicidia, stupra, furta, Pomerania
 Sæpe execrata est, & Mechlenbergi sinus :
 Dum tu crematas famulus Austriacæ domûs,
 Prosternis urbes, impotens violentiam
 Marique fastum terminare Baltico ?
 Hoc tot laborum præmium tuus tibi
 Dedit Imperator ? Hoccine est stipendium,
 Vt perduellis actus, & subito dolo
 Captus cerebro spargeres cænaculum ?
 Sic beat amicos gentis Austriacæ fides.
 Quod si cruentâ morte pereundum fuit,
 Cecidisse malles forsan hostili manu.*

*Nunc puto, videntur fata (1) Papenheimii
Tuisque (2) Tillii invidenda Manibus.*

*Quàm iustus ille Ferdinandus exstitit
Non quero; verùm credo divina minime
Vindicta quòd dormitat. Ipse ut perfidus
Perfidia obires, lex inevitabilis
Fati volebat; quin & immanis diu
Crudelitatis artifex, crudeliter
Descenderes ad ima Plutonis loca.
Vbi unicum futura sint solatium
Fraus capta fraude, scelere cumulatum scelus,
Excidia eorum, cædis authores tuæ
Quos fama novit, siquidem Alberti ducis
Celeri sequantur impios Manes pede.
Et maximè si (quoniam id haud sæpe accidit
Vti perirent morte sicca principes)
Sanguinea multo sanguine exundet domus,
Tuique similem sortiatur exitum.*

Alex. Gil.

(1) Comes Pappenhemius in pugna Lutzenianâ a Suedis occisus
6. Novem. 1632.

(2) Generalis Tillius in pugna Auguftanâ graviter faucius fugit
Ingolftadium ibique exspiravit.



The Persons.

Ferdinand the second Emperor of *Germany*.

Ferdinand his son King of *Hungary*.

Albertus Wallenstein Duke of *Fridland*.

Marquess *Brandenburg*.

Duke *Saxon Waymar*.

Earle of *Tertzki*.

Earle of *Kintzki*.

Earle of *Questenberg*.

Matthias Gallas.

Colonell *Newman*.

Marshall *Illawe*.

Fredricke. } Sonnes to *Wallenstein*.

Albertus.

Colonell *Gordon* Governor of *Egers*.

Colonell *Lesle*.

Captaine *Butler*.

Page to *Wallenstein*.

Dutches to *Wallenstein*.

Emilia Daughter to *Saxon Waymar*.

Isabella woman to the Dutcheffe.

Dragoons : Guard to the Emperour.

Guard to *Wallenstein*.

Executioner.

Attendants.



Actus primus: Scena prima.

Kintzki, Tertzki, Gordon, Butler, Lesle.

54p
Kint. He rumour still continues.
Tert. Yes, my Lord,
Ill fames though quicke are cer-
taine, 'tis concluded
Past question or dispute, for these reports
Are grounded on too manifest a truth,
To carry doubt in them, it is confirm'd this morning ;
Hee must resigne.
Lesle. Though a stranger Sir,
And so lesse interested in the Generalls cause
Then you his Country-man : were you not my
friend,
You ly'd to speake it. Must our Generall
That foule of valor *Wallenstein* ; who has
(Like subtle lightning) purg'd the German ayre,
From all the hot infections, forraign warre

Could threaten : sent the health-carousing Dane
 Drunke with his owne blood home : broke all the
 force,

With which the valiant Palatine and his aydes
 Infested had the Province : given to Death
 (That thunder-bolt of warre) whose very name
 Was great as Fate it selfe unto his foes,
 The *Swedish* King : and must he now, his age
 Is candid o're with victories, be inforc'd
 To a base resignation : Death ! he's damn'd
 That dare but mutter it.

Gordon. And they were so
 Who first occasion'd it, 'twould bring much com-
 fort
 To all true Souldiers.

Lesle. 'Tis concluded Sir,
 Past all redemption, they are doubly damn'd
 For their ingratitude ; displace a man
 To whom they owe their lives ! one whom, my
 Lords,

We have seen i'th heat and bravery of a fight,
 Cheere up his fainting and disheartned troupes,
 Even when his body seem'd but all one wound,
 That it appear'd a little Iland, circled
 Round with the purple deluge of his blood :
 Who when warres Quiristers, the big-mouth'd Drums,
 And furlly Trumpet fung his Armies Dirge,
 That fatall Musicke sweld his sprightly sence,
 More then soft Hymnes at Nuptials.

Zert. Sir, his glories
 Are so well knowne to us we need not urge
 Their reputation, but 'tis past my thoughts,
 Why on the sudden he should be compeld
 To give his charge up.

Kintz. When the world beleev'd
 He should have had a double triumph in
 The honour of his victories.

Lesle. Ile tell you,

Term'd Envie, raining in unworthy breasts,
To fames Heroicke sonnes, such as know to cringe
With subtile motion to their Princes smiles,
Adore his foot-steps and his awfull nods,
And can like Aspes infill into his eares,
A sweet yet killing venome : these thin soules
When the blunt Souldier, has on piles of wounds
Built up his Countries peace, whisper Beware
In time my Lord, least he doe grow too great :
This meeting with the jealous Princes feares,
(As Princes still are fearefull of the greatnesse
Of rising active subjects) breeds resolves to cut up
That prop, leaning on which themselves have stood,
Firme and unshaken on their base ; and these
Court Parasites, and th' Emperors weake distrusts,
Puls this disgrace on *Fridland*, which if he
With an effeminate patience doe put up,
May all the Lawrels growing on his Crest,
Be turn'd to Cyprisse, serving for no use
But to adorne his Funerals.

Gordon. Soft,
The Generall's here himselfe : my gracious Lord
The Duke.

Tert. Our thrice redoubted Generall.

Enter Wallenstein, Illaw.

Wallenf. Ha ! that found
Awakes my drowie soule, pray good my Lords,
What do you behold degenerate in my looks,
Shewing me unworthy still of that great title ?

Tert. I would pull my eyes out,
Should they convey into my soule a thought
Tending to so much sacriledge to honour,
And perfect masculine vertue.

Wallenf. Yet I must
Put off that glorious title, like a garment,
Old and unfit for wearing : O my Lords,

Our honours individuall with our foules
 Growes to that essence, as toth' hand or cheek
 The native whiteneffe; and to have that torne,
 Lug'd off by violent torture, is a suffrance
 Beyond the strength of patience: is't not, Lords?

Tert. Yes, and looke

How farre the noble immateriall soule,
 Transcends the duller body, so much torments
 Inflicted on the purer mind, surpasse
 Corporeall punishments.

Wallenf. It is a true

Philosophy which even amongst Souldiers,
 Whose onely learning is compriz'd in Armes,
 Is granted as indisputable, my Lords,
 What will the world that sometimes stood at gaze,
 Frighted with awfull terror of my deeds,
 Imagine to behold me in my age,
 Depriv'd of all those titles, all those glories,
 Which have growne up with me even from my
 youth,

Which I have purchas'd with expence of wounds,
 More numerous, then I've veynes; 'twill straight con-
 clude,

Either my age is doting, and return'd
 Into a second childhood, and unfit to manage
 The glorious warfare and the big commands
 Of Martiall discipline; or that my faith,
 Is on the sudden like a faire ripe fruit,
 (By'th too hot kisses oth' lascivious Sunne
 Betray'd to rottenesse) by haughtie pride,
 Or vaine ambition tainted.

Lesle. And so blast

At least, my Lord, in their too nice esteeme,
 Your former actions.

Gordon. Wrap in clouds of shame,
 Your shining vertues.

Wallenf. True, for 'twixt these two extremes,
 There is no meanes t'escape by: thinke then Lords,
 What an inhumane, irreligious wrong

It is, both to my honour and my faith,
To be depriv'd thus basely of that charge,
Which I've perform'd with care and good successe :
And what ingratitude 'tis in this Prince,
This Emperor, thus to reward my trust ;
When his owne soule can witnesse, 'twas my selfe
That from the *Swede*, the *Palatine* and *Dane*,
Rescued his Eagles ; who else had mewd their
plumes,

And from their height been forc'd to perch on earth :
I tooke the reeling pillars of his State,
And pitcht them firme and even : Of this his
Heaven,

I've been the *Atlas*, I did fight for him,
When every conflict was a victory,
Each field of battell was a field of glory ;
Yet as my truths and loyalties reward,
I am depriv'd unkindly even in peace,
Of all my glories purchas'd in the warre.

Tert. Next Sir, thinke,
With whom your shining honour's in the scale
Ballanc'd : with one so farre beneath your worth ;
We are ingag'd in reputation, never
(He being so farre inferior to our selves)
To obey his commands.

Kintz. *Mathias Gallas*,
Your late-Field-Marshal.

Wallenf. His very name
Begets new horror in me, noblest friends,
Co-partners with me in what ever dangers,
Attends triumphant war, whom I have led
In crimson fields through rising seas of blood,
That you have swom, not march'd to victory :
Would it not breed afflictions in your soules,
Your noble honest soules, to see your poore,
Yet alwayes loving Generall, at this age,
Now when his head's grown white beneath his helme,
Discarded from his office, and shooke off,
As birds their feathers mew, or Stags their hornes,

Those uselesse excrements, in hope that fresher
 Will ith' oldplaces grow ; should I doe this, I then
 Might trayle my waving Ensignes in the dust,
 As at my Honors Funerall, and breake
 My Sword 'gainst my owne Target, nay put off
 All pompe and pride of war, and like that vaine
 Resemblance of a star, a Comet fall
 By my owne fire consum'd to earth forgotten.

Lesle. Great Sir, though a stranger to you
 By birth and nation, yet the strict alliance
 I've to your princely noblenesse, injoynes me
 Under your pardon, and with the allowance
 Of these brave Counts, your followers, to deliver
 My zealous counsell to you.

Wallenf. Noble Scot,
 Use your discretion freely.

Lesle. Thus great Sir then,
 Though't be ith power of Princes to prescribe
 Lawes to their subjects, 'tis their subjects wills
 Must put those Lawes in act, 'tis their obedience,
 Which are the ablest finewes of the state,
 And 'twere a barbarous cruelty to imploy
 Their hands against themselves, a strange in-
 justice,
 To make their proper vertue instrument
 Of their owne ruine.

Tert. Colonell *Lesle*
 Speakes home.

Kint. And to much purpose.

Lesle. Doe not Lords
 Misunderstand my meaning, I speake not this,
 That I contemne authority, or dislike
 Order in every thing, without preeminence
 In title of command our trade the warfare
 Could not subsist, but to informe our Generall,
 Our too much injur'd Generall, that it is
 No such strange crime, to disobey a Prince
 In things unjust ; and can there be a greater,
 Or shamefuller injustice then for *Cæsar*,

By's Mandate to inforce him to resigne
His glorious charge up?

Gordon. 'Twere a shame.

Illawe. An utter, an abominable disgrace
To all that honor vertue, should we suffer it?

Lefle. Here then

Ends what I would have uttered ; of what force
Are *Cæsars* Mandats, when their reall loves
Has disannull'd them ? circled with these hearts,
These bulwarkes of brave hearts, what need have
you

To acknowledge any Emperor but your selfe ?
Your selfe great Duke, whole merit lays just claime
To that supremest title.

Lefle. Pray once more,

Give me your patience : Rashnesse, Gentlemen,
Gives the first on-set fiercely, then recoyles,
As Waspes when they have lost their stings :
affaires

Of this high consequence, doe require mature
Deliberation : to confirme our owne
Strength for the exploit, 'twere fit we did con-
joyne

With *Saxon Waymar* and *Gustavus Horne*,
And the other bold confederates : how likes
Your Grace this project ?

Wallenf. The Drum and Fife,

Trumpet and Canon, when their lowd voyces
sing,

Iös to victory, could nere beget
More musick in my ravished sense : best friend,
I am so bankrupt growne in my extent
Of gratitude, that trust me I could weepe,
To see my selfe so farre outdone in friendship :
I am ingag'd in honour to goe on,
That this insulting Emperor by his fall,
To gaine fit meanes to gratifie your loves.
Thou aëry name of loyalty, hence to heaven,
And finde like smoake a buriall in the clouds,

The Tragedy of

Thus I expire thy essence ; henceforth Ile acknowledge

No other Emperor but these worthies hearts.

Tert. And we (great Duke) henceforth will nere submit,

To any rule but yours, which to confirme
As sure as Fate had seal'd it, on your sword
Wee'l take a solemne and religious oath
For the performance.

Omnes, we all sweare it.

And if any should be so basely perjur'd, as to
breake,

But in a thought this Sacramentall faith,
Let our just angers fall as heavie on him,
As heavens most horrid curses ; sinke his name,
Like some prodigie despis'd by light, into forget-
fulnesse.

Wallenf. So now me thinkes I stand : like a
Colussus,

Through whose spacious Arch,
Floues the vast sea of honour, without power,
Or naturall force to ebbe. Againe, best friends,
The early day, though from the gorgeous East
She breakes, adorn'd with chaines of liquid
pearle,

Cannot atchieve full lustre, till the Sun
Gild her pale cheekes with brightnesse, nor can we
Cloathe the yet infant dawning of our hopes,
In perfect Robes of light, till we have
Attir'd them in the sparkling rayes of blood,
Imperiall blood : Come let's goe on resolvd,
Like those brave men, who in their awfull palmes,
Doe beare about their destinies, and can
Command even fate it self : *Illawe* dispatch with
speed

Advises to the Marquesse *Brandenburge*,
Waymar and Count *de Arheim*, that we intreat,
At personall meeting with them all at *Dresden*.

Come Lords, when ere the Romane Eagle falls,
Wee'l mourne in triumph at her Funeralls.

Exit Wallenf. Tert. Kintz. et ceteri.

Lefte. So things once well begun,
Are halfe perform'd, the managing an act
With clofe and hidden practice 'mongst the wife
And politicke people, brings affur'd fucceffe :
Broad open wayes the heavie fnaile does take,
While untrod paths beft please the fubtle fnake. *Exit.*

*Scena secunda, Emperor, Gallas,
Questenberg.*

Emp. Hee'l not resigne then ?

Quest. 'Tis so fear'd, the greatnesse
Of his vast spirit never will admit
Resignation of those honours, which
He has with such felicity enjoy'd.

Gallas. Besides, my Lord,
The Army is so much bewitch'd with love
Of this Arch-Traytor *Wallenstein*, they rather
Put of their due allegiance unto you
Their naturall Sovereigne, nay give up their lives,
Then yeeld to any act which may concerne
His removall.

Emper. Can this be possible !
Treason shall never brave us at our doores,
Whilst I can wield a Sword : ingratefull slave !
Whom I have rais'd from such an abject lownesse :
His family did scarcely beare a name
In common Gentry, to the very height,
The type of honour. That he should doe this,
And like the Vipers young, devoure that heart,
That bred and nourish'd him, more afflicts my
foule,
Than all the wrongs and troubles which my foes
Ever inflicted on my Fame and Empire.

Matthias Gallas, let it be your charge,
To see new forces levy'd, to oppose
Against this Arch-Rebell.

Gallas. My Lord, I've learn'd
Ith' practicke Schoole of warre, that to oppose

Fresh unexperienc'd troupes against the flower
Of old and hardned Souldiers, is but as
If amongst hungry Lions we should cast,
Refistless infants, and by their weake force,
Hope to o'recome the furious beasts : Dread Sir,
My Councell alwayes has had that successe,
To be accounted faithfull to my Prince :
Feare it not, follow then my poore advice,
Meet trechery with policie, and try,
If you the Ambitious traytor can surprize,
The head once off, the weake and fainting limbes,
Like fear'd dri'd boughs, by an impetuous wind,
Torne from an aged Oke, will fall to earth,
And be consum'd to ashes.

Empe. It shall be so,
Lord *Questenberg*, with all convenient speed,
Dispatch a trusty messenger unto
The King of *Hungary*, command his prefence,
With his most able legions for the safeguard
Of our owne person : In such like affaires,
Which doe concerne the uncertaine rule of States,
Wise men should alwayes be above their fates,

Exeunt.

Scena tertia, Albertus, Newman.

Newm. A pox upon her fir, and for her sake,
On all good faces ; must you sigh and whine,
And make a face worse then a zealous drunkard
Does o're dead mustie wine, because she is beau-
teous :

We Souldiers doe not use to ingender with
A phisnomy, nor as the learned terme it,
Co-habit with a handsome nose or lip,
There are some parts beneath the waste I take it,
More usefull for a man of Armes.

Alber. Good Colonell,
No more of this.

Newm. Should I aske you
The reason why you love her, you must answer ;
'Tis for the sport (as for what other reason
Women were made, unlesse to prick upon
A clout, or starch, transcends my best Philosophy)
And for that purpose, a short coat frifter,
That as she milkes each morning,
Bedewes the coole grasse with her Virgin moisture,
As usefull is and active (founder far
That's certaine granted) pray, my Lord, remember
Shee's but your mothers Gentlewoman, and whom
perhaps
The Butler has oftener folded up, then ere
He did his table linen.

Alber. No more, you'l anger me.

Newm. You'l anger me agen then : we Imps of

Mars,

Should know no other mistresses, then what the Camp
contains,

I nere durst love ith' field (marry in the Citie

I've had copulation with all trades) but one poore
futlers wife, &
She as faire too, as was the kettle which she boyld
her beefe in,
O how the sweet smell of her amber greace
And kitchin-stuffe perfum'd my greedy nostrils,
Yet on this beauty doted I (inspir'd by insurrection of
the flesh)
And gave her to cuckol'd the good corporall her husband

Int. Isabella.

Ten comely dollers, and the divell take her, she
paid me with a pox. But see, here comes the
Lady of the Lake, for whom you good sir Lancelot
make these lamentations ; be not you bathfull now,
but fall on boldly heart, let me drill her for you,
if her body be under Musket prooffe, 'tis ten to
one my morris pike shall enter : to her, to her.

Exit. Newm.

Isabel. Surpriz'd by him alone, O my just feares.

Albert. Why, cruell faire one, should you shun his
fight,

Whose very foule moves in your eyes, or why
Should your blest voyce, speake health to all the
world,

Yet threaten death to me : look on my youth,
My hopefull youth, which in the active war,
Has taught old Souldiers discipline : behold it
Nipt by the cold frost of your icie beauty,
As in a feaver languishing to nothing,
Forgetfull of the noble pride and strength,
It has so lately boasted, 'tis unjust
To see me still over my foes victorious,
Made by my selfe your captive, to insult
Over your suppliant vassaile, would those eyes,
Which can contract lights orbe into a glance,

Become impoverish'd by a smile, those cheekes
 Sully their native tincture, should they blush
 At your mindes cruelty, 'twould rather adde
 To the illustrious excellence.

Ifabel. My noble Lord.

Albert. Stay, you must not speake yet,
 There's not an accent issuing from your lips,
 But has the power, should thunder speak, to charme
 To peacefull quiet the affrighted world,
 And would strike dumbe my passion : best of
 Virgins

There is not that disparity 'twixt our births,
 As there's inequall difference 'twixt our hearts,
 Mine's all on fire, dare combat with the Sun
 For heats priority, yours Mountaine snow,
 Cold as the north, and cruell as my fortunes :
 Yet you may make them equall as your eyes
 are,

By yeelding up that fort, which will, when time
 Has given it ceremonious priviledge, be perhaps
 By some unworthy groome, without resistance
 Surpriz'd and entred.

Ifabel. My Lord, bad custome is become
 In men a second nature to deceive
 Poore Virgins by their flatteries ; noble youth,
 That I doe love you dearely, may these teares,
 Shed for your folly testifie : looke backe
 Into your pricelesse honour, call that up
 To assist the fortresse of your minde affail'd
 By foule unlawfull passion : thinke how base 'tis,
 To rob a filly Orphan of her dowry ;
 I have no other but my Virgin whiteneffe,
 Left to uphold my fame, nought but my vertue
 To my inheritance ; should you dispoile me
 Of that faire portion by your lust, my memory,
 Would like an early Rose bud by that tempest,
 Dye on its owne stalke blasted.

Albert. I doe dreame sure.

Ifabel. Womens fames sir,

Are like thin Chryftall glaffes, by a breath
Blowne into excellent forme, and by a touch,
Crackt or quite broken : say I should consent
To your defires, your appetite once fated,
You would repent the fact, when you should fee
Your felfe furrounded in a mift of cares,
View bashfull Virgins point at you, as at
Some hatefull prodigie ; heare matrons cry,
There goes the luftfull thiefe, that glories in
The fpoyle of innocent Virgins, that foule thiefe,
That has a hundred eyes to let luft in at,
As many tongues to give his wild thoughts utterance.

Albert. Sure fome Angell inhabits here,
This cannot be a Manfion
For mortall frailty : fweet farewell, good night,
I would not have my over-fawcie love,
Commit a rude intrufion on thy peace,
Though parting with thee be more torment to
me,
Then to forgoe mine eyes ; may all the joyes
Of healthfull flumbers crowne thy bed, thy dreames
Be free from paraphrafing on my memory,
Left it affright you ; once more, Deare, good
night,
While you with pleafing happy fleeps are bleft,
I'll feeke fome way to my eternall reft.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus : Scena prima.

*Wallenstein, Waymar, Brandenburge, Tertzki, Kintzki,
Illawe, Newman, Gordon, Lesle, Butler.*

Wallenf. The honour you have done me mighty
Princes,
Electors of the sacred Romane Empire,
By this your personal visit does ingage
So much our gratitude, that what our selves,
And the most able forces of our friends,
Can in requitall act, shall be perform'd.
Mutuall discourses often mingle foules,
And as the Arteries convey the blood
Throughout the body, they from mind to mind
Convey affection : to this end we did
Intreat this meeting. that our conference might
Joyne in an individuall league our hearts.

Bran. This happy treaty, glorious Duke, shall
bring
Blest peace once more with turtles wings, to soare
Over the German Provinces ; shall dry
Teares from the eyes of mothers, while the Virgins
Shall dedicate their houres to joyfull Hymnes,
In honour of your merit.

Wam. The sturdy boore
Shall plough his fields in safety, and ascribe
To you, great Duke, that happinesse : 'twas you,
Who when Bellona thundred through the land,
Did stop the steel-wing'd Goddesse in her course,
Who when our Armies, like a raging floud,
Did beare downe all before them, did oppose,

The greedy torrent, boldly turn'd it backe,
 Into its native body, and conjoyn'd
 With you so inur'd to conquest, he were lesse .
 Then man, and more then coward, that could
 feare
 Any insuing dangers.

Wall. You doe me too much honor, mighty
 Princes :

And now my brave confederates in Armes,
 Where businesse of import commands attendance,
 That time's mis-spent, that's spent in uselesse words,
 I shall so please you, therefore speake the cause,
 (In briebe) which urg'd me to desire this conference,

And give you reasons for my strange revolt,
 From my so long lov'd Master.

Bran. 'Twas the end
 We onely came for.

Waym. The sole reason
 That drew us to this meeting.

Wallenf. Thus in briebe then,
 How I have serv'd this Emperour, these wounds
 That beautifie my body (cause the markes
 Of my just loyalty) given by your swords,
 Can beare me righteous witnesse ; but good service
 To a malicious and ingratefull Prince,
 Are rather causes of suspect, then love,
 And when mens actions doe transcend reward,
 They then defend to punishment (my cause
 Is rightly stated thus) for when my selfe,
 (I well may speake it without partiall boast)
 Had like his Eagle in my powerfull gripe,
 Snatch'd up his Crowne that lay despis'd on earth,
 And heav'd it up to Heaven, borne all the waight,
 Which yours, the Danish and the Swedish force,
 Could load these shoulders with ; nay shooke it off
 Lightly, as windes in Autumne doe from trees,
 Their wither'd Summer garments : then, even then,
 When my just hopes were pregnant with conceit

Of Wreathes and triumphes (as a brave reward)
 My Souldiers by his Mandates were forbid,
 To obey me as their Generall, and my selfe
 Commanded straightway to resigne my charge,
 All my great power which I had bought with
 blood,

Unto *Matthias Gallas* my Field-Marshall.

Saxon. Infufferable injury!

Bran. Inhumane and unhear'd of ingratitude!

Wallen. Nay more,

As I had been a Traytor then in fact,
 He did endeavour my surprize, to bring me
 A prisoner to *Vienna*: thinke then Lords,
 When both my pricelesse honour and my life
 Were at one stake propos'd, if I'de not cause
 To play my game with cunning skill, when these
 My brave Commanders from their martiall eyes,
 Did for my wrongs shed teares of blood, cal'd
 on me,

As on their friend, their father, not to leave
 My Sons my Souldiers: if I their request
 Perform'd, I sav'd my honour and my life,
 But if the Emperors, I gave up them both
 To plaine peripicuous ruine: yet in not
 Accomplishing my Masters harsh commands,
 The name of treason brands me (but passe that,)
 I of two evils chose to take the least,
 Rather to draw upon me *Cæsars* hate,
 Then to forsake my charge and souldiers loves:
 And now being free in my owne foule as thought
 Unfought to (Lords) and unconstrain'd, I offer
 T'affist against this Emperor (this thing
 Made onely up of name and voyce) whom we
 Will breake as showers doe bubbles, which them-
 selves

Of nothing had created.

Saxon. So welcome

Is this your proffer'd amity, no blessing
 Heaven in its fullest bounty could have shew'd

Could have arriv'd more pleasing, and to shew
How much we prize your friendship, let your son,
Young *Fredericke* be affianc'd to my daughter,
The tye of nature to the tye of blood,
Will make the union perfect.

Wallenf. 'Tis an honour,
We are bound in duty to accept, my Lords,
In noble soules no thought should once admit
Sullen delay, our progresse should be swift,
As is the passage of unlimited fire
In populous Cities ; or as windes, whose force
Does at their birth rend ope the stubborne wombe
Of the dull earth their mother ; great designs
Should by great spirits onely be pursu'd,
And our last businesse is our speedy conference
With Chancellor *Oxenstern*, and the French Em-
bassador.

Actions that carry an unusuall weight,
Ought still to flye at an unusuall height.

Exeunt Wallenf. Bran. Waym. Tert. Kint. Illaw.

Leffe. So, let the dull
Halfe-spirited soules, who strive on reremice wings,
By that which fooles terme honesty, to climbe
Toth' top of honour, in their silly vertue
Boast, while ingenious and more active spirits,
In a direct line without stop or hindrance,
Mount to their wishes, yet ith' worlds esteeme,
Are held as reall, and indu'd with goodnesse.
This *Wallenstein*, like a good easie Mule,
Have I led on byth' nose to this rebellion,
Fir'd with such venome as will spread,
Like swift infection through his soule : these two
Shall be my agents to atchieve my ends,
Factors in cunning to vent forth my intentions,
Lieutenant Colonel *Gordon*, and my good
Captaine *Butler*.

Gordon. We were musing,

What ferious thought it was, that could so long
 Detaine you from our conference.

Lefle. Faith I was studying
 On our great Generals fortunes, upon which
 Our hopes and lives depend; what thinke you of
 them?

Gordon. Well at least, wee'r bound
 To hope the best, he's in himselfe so mighty,
 He seemes above his fate.

Butler. His plots doe carry
 A faire and specious out side.

Lefle. 'Tis a signe,
 Corruption is within them, noble friends,
 You are my country-men, and if my life
 May preserve yours from ruine, I shall deem it
 Religiously imploy'd: if you discover
 What I intend to utter, 'twill but send
 My age some houres before its destin'd minute,
 Unto my grave, and I most willingly,
 Shall dye the causes martyr.

Gordon. By our honours,
 No syllable shall ever passe our lips,
 What you in love reveale to us.

Lefle. Thus then friends,
 Rebellion never yet could boast a happy
 Or prosperous period, *Wallensteins* designs
 Are built on sand, and with the Emperours breath
 Will be disperst into the ayre: I speak not this,
 That I doe hate the man, heavens know I love
 His person, but detest the cause he justifies.

Gord. True, the dignity of Princes,
 Does make what ever quarrels subjects raise
 Against their Sovereigns, odious.

Lefle. Shall we then,
 Here in a stranger country, violate
 The Lawes of hospitality, unmake the ancient
 faith

Ascrib'd unto our Nation, by assisting
 A Traytor 'gainst his lawfull Prince, a Generall

Against that power which gave him that command,

Betray that royall Master, to whose bounty
We owe our lives : first rather let's resolve,
To open all his treasons, his proceedings,
Unto our Lord the Emperour.

Gord. 'Tis very just,
And in my judgement requisite.

Butler. I doe approve it.

Lesle. 'Twere meere madnesse,
And he that does mislike it, beares no braine,
No soule about him : Instead of slight preferment,

Which (should our Generall prosper) we at best,
Could but expect, we shall have Castles, Lordships,
Earledomes, nay Provinces, be stil'd the favers,
Preservers of the Empire, have our names,
As 'twere in triumph sung about the streets,
In popular acclamations, thinke then friends,
How farre these certaine honours will surpasse
Our aëry expectations : come lets post

Straight to *Vienna*, and informe the Emperour

Of all's proceedings, in this great affaire,
We must not use our fortune, but our care.

Exeunt.

*Scena secunda, Frederick, Albertus,
Newman.*

Newm. Pish, perish still in ignorance, am I,
Who am grand master in the art of Love,
Not able to instruct a limber youth
Of the first growth, your brother here makes love
In an ill favor'd tone, and skrewes his countenance,

As he were finging of lamentable Ballads
Of *Tillies* overthrow, but you for your part,
(I've knowne you of an urchin) are so fiery,
You speake all squibs and crackers, carry a Canon
In your mouth, you'l fright the Lady, she'l imagine
You come to ravish her.

Albert. The Colonell
Tells you, your owne, good brother.

New. I've told you yours too, or I'm much
mistaken,

You love, 'tshould seeme, the faire *Emilia*,
A pretty wench, they say, but that's no matter,
Your fathers are agreed on't, and you'd have me
Shew you the readiest way, how to accost her
Negatively, I will demonstrate instantly.

Fred. I shall observe your doctrine most exactly.

Newm. Pray observe,
You must not then accost her with a shrug,
As you were lowzie, with your Lady, sweet Lady,
Or most super-excellent Lady,
Nor in the Spanish garbe, with a state face,
As you had new been eating of a Raddish,
And meant to swallow her for mutton to't :

Nor let your words, as that I'm most afraid of,
(Cause 'tis your naturall mood) come rumbling
forth,

Usher'd with a good full-mouth'd oath, I love you :
But speake the language of an overcomming Lover ;
I doe not meane that strange pedanticke phraze,
Us'd by some gallants, who doe aime at wit,
And make themselves starke asses by't, praise their
mistresses

By th' Sun and stars, while the poore girles imagine,
They meane their signes, their Mercers or Per-
fumers

Inhabit at (for sure beyond those Planets
They've studied no Astrologie) but you must
In gentle, free, and genuine phraze deliver
Your true affection, praise her eye, her lip,
Her nose, her cheek, her chin, her neck, her
breast,

Her hand, her foot, her leg, her every thing,
And leave your roses and your lillies for
Your country froes, to make nosegayes of :
But stay, here comes your Mistress, her father too,
In conference ; fall on my Mirmidon,
While we retreat.

Int. Waymar, Emilia.

Alber. Speed your endeavors, brother.

Ex. Newm. Alber.

Waym. 'Tis so concluded 'twixt me and his
father,

For both our goods, be not you nice *Emilia*,
The noble youth's so furnish'd with all worth,
You needs must like him.

Emilia. Good sir give me license,
To let my eye direct my heart to love,
And if young *Fredericke* be the master of

Such absolute gifts, doubt not but I shall find them.

Waym. My Lord I'm glad
Of this faire interview, I and my daughter
Were even conferring of you ; fir as yet
She's something timorous, dreads a Souldiers lookes.

Fred. She needs not fir,
She beares a spell about her that would charme
A Scythians native fiercenesse into softnesse,
Those spirit-breathing eyes, my Lord, which can
Kill as they please, or quicken with a glance.

Waym. Now they are enter'd,
He steale away and leave them.

Fred. Gentle Lady,
To make the addresses of my love-sicke heart,
Plaine and apparent to you, that you may,
Search through my foule, and find it all your
creature,
Give me your patient hearing.

Emil. 'Tis a request,
Might tax my manners, should I deny it to
One of your noble quality ; use your pleasure.

Fred. Which consists
In viewing your bright beauty ; the idea
Of all perfections, which the jealous heavens
Durst ever lend to earth-divinest Lady,
The gentle ayre which circumscribes your cheekes,
Leaving its panting kisses on the flowres,
That in that Tempe blossome, does not love
Those fields of purity more then mine eyes do,
Mine, Lady, is a holy,
An intellectuall zeale, such as the Angels
And Saints, who know no sexes do affect by,
Past imitation too, should they who strive
To trace me, take the constancy of Swans,
Or never-changing Turtles, as their patternes.

Emilia. Sir, it seemes
You've studied complement as well as Armes,
But he's a foolish Lover, who to gaine

His Mistris, dare not promise what you have utter'd,
but I must

Have more then verball assurance of your love.

Fred. By your faire selfe I'm reall, do intend,
What I've deliver'd with as much true zeale,
As Anchorits do their prayers : I love your minde,
Your excellent minde, and for its sake, the pure
Shrine, which containes that blessing, this fair
building,

This pallace of all happinesse, and intreat you,
As you have mercy in you, to take pittie
Upon my loves stern sufferings, and redresse them,
By your consent to take me for your husband.

Emilia. Sir you are an over-hasty Lover, to
imagine

I can at first sight of your person, be
Surpriz'd and yeeld, they must be strong allure-
ments,

Must tempt a bashfull Virgin still inur'd
To no companion but her feares and blushes,
To give her heart away, and live in thraldome,
Unto a stranger.

Fred. Love, Madam, has Eagles eyes ; it can
beget acquaintance,

Even in a moment, suddenly as time,
The time that does succeed it. Farewell.

I will not have my over-hasty zeale,
Urge your mild sufferance further, pray think on
me

As one who've plaid my full extent of blisse,
In your injoying, think you are the land wracke,
By which the brittle vessell of my hopes,
Must through Loves-swelling Ocean be directed,
To a safe harbor, honour me to kisse

Your faire hand : Lady now farewell, no blisse
Can be in Love, till we know what it is.

Exeunt.

*Scena tertia.**Ferdinand, King of Hungary, Gallas, Questenberge.*

Emper. Crownes are perpetuall cares, and to their heads,
 That weare the wreath Imperiall, are annex.
 Forraigne invasions oft may shake a state,
 But civill broyles are the impetuous fire-brands,
 That burne up Common-wealths ; to quench
 A flame domesticke we are met, which will
 Like flame increafe, by going on ; this late
 Revolt of *Wallenstein*.

Hungar. Perfidious slave !
 On whom your plenteous bounties shew'd so fast,
 They seem'd to drown him, he whose great com-
 mands,
 Could not know ought above them, but your
 selfe,
 The Generall of your forces of *Gloyawee*,
Mechlenburg, Sagan, Fridland, stil'd the Duke,
 He to invert your owne Armes 'gainst your selfe
 Swels my vext soule to thinke on't.

Emper. 'Tis not words,
 Or aëry threatnings will appease the mischief, e,
 It must be done by force ; *Matthias Gallas*,
 Have you according to our late commands,
 Given order for the levying new forces,
 To oppose this Traytor.

Matth. Mighty Sir, I have,
 And seen them mustred.

Emp. To what amounts their number.

Gall. Threescore thousand.

Hung. A royall Armie had they been train'd
In Military discipline, experience
Is halfe the soule of Armes, we will take order,
To have them taught the exercife of Armes,
By those *Hungarians* troupes which we brought
hither.

Int. a meffenger

Emp. Now fir, your bufineffe.

Meffen. Mighty fir,
The Governor of *Egers*, Colonell *Gordon*,
Attended by Lieutenant Colonell *Butler*,
And Colonell *Lesle* doe desire admittance
Into your prefence.

Emp. Let them enter,
They are his friends, and may perhaps difcover

Int. Lesle, Gordon, Butler.

Some of his trecheries: Noble ftrangers wel-
come,

I doe conceive 'tis bufineffe of importance
Has drawne you hither, in Colonell *Lesles* lookes
I read affaires of confequence, with which
His active braine does teeme, and faine would be
By's tongue deliver'd.

Lesle. Most mighty *Cæfar*,
To indeare the fervice to you, I fhall doe you,
By guiding o're each circumftance, its waight
And confequence, fince 'tis my bounden duty,
To you, my royall Master, would but fhew,
Pride and arrogant love in me the author,
To my owne act, and fo 'twould rather lessen

Then amplifie my merit ; how I've serv'd you
Under command of him, whom in due justice
I cannot mention now without foule curses,
Revolted *Wallenstein* is to these Lords,
And your great selfe best knowne.

Emp. And our rewards
Shall strive to pay those services.

Lefse. But when I saw him
Put off his faith, abandon his allegiance,
Accounting all your bounteous favors trifles,
Unto the mountainous pile of his deservings,
And like a black cloud hung o're all your Empire,
Uncertaine where to break and in's vast thoughts,
Aspir'd your sacred dignity and life,
I like his Genius skrewd into his counsels,
Explor'd his plots and treasons, and have found
them
So full of eminent danger.

Gordon. So malicious.

Lefse. Empty of worth and honour, it had been
A sinne beyond the horridst punishments,
To have conceal'd them from you, and which most
Tortures my loyall thoughts, as't had not been
Sufficient for him to rebell himselfe,
He has form'd a league defensive and offensive,
With your most eager enemies, *Saxon Waymar*,
Brandenburg, *Arheim*, and *Gustavus Horne*,
And had a personall meeting for that purpose.

Butler. And 'tis to be fear'd,
That if suddenn power stop not their progresse
They will with speedy violence invade you,
Heere in your capitall City.

Emper. Worthy strangers,
In this one act you've showne your selfe more faith-
full,

Then all my home-borne subjects, but be sure
If gratitude can equall your deserts,
You shall enjoy that amply : Noble *Lefse*,
The time is come now, and the delemma cast,

That must conclude our Empire, which we must
Unto thy care commit ; to kill a Traytor,
Is a deserving action, for thou strik'st
Then with the Sword of Justice : wilt thou adde
This one act to thy former high deservings,
Kill this Arch-Rebell.

Lesle. 'Twas an office,
We should have beg'd, beleev't he's dead already,
Ile kill him in his pride, in all his glories,
With such security, as I would sleepe
After a tedious watching.

Emper. And expect,
What e're your hopes can wish, so with all speed
Back to your charge, be carefull, come my Lords,
Fate now does smile upon us, and the storme
Which threatned us, is suddenly growne calme.

Exeunt, Emp. Hung. Quest. Gallas.

Lesle. Now our hopes
May rest, best friends, assur'd of good successe,
'Tis in our hands, our fates, and we have hearts,
Dare venter on this Giant Duke, and lift him
With as much ease from earth, as the bright Sun
Does dull and lazie vapors, nor let dangers
Fright us from the atchievement, since the justice,
The cause does carry, is a certaine armour,
'Gainst all the assaults of perill, which in it selfe
Is but an April storme, no sooner showne
To fight the ayre, but by th' next wind o're-
blown.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus tertius : Scena prima.

Fredericke, Emilia.

Fred. Divineſt Lady,
 I hope your late refuſall of my love,
 Is alter'd now by your more gentle pittie,
 My conſtancie carries more ſtrength about it,
 Then to be blaſted with your firſt repulſe,
 In the ſame righteous cauſe of my affection
 I muſt again be advocate, and hope
 My ſute will be effected.

Emilia. Alas, my Lord,
 Make me not thus the ſubject of your mirth,
 Or Complement, your ſoule is too ſecure
 In its owne manly vertues from ſurprize
 Of weake affection, eſpecially of mine
 Who am ſo worthleſſe in my ſelfe, I cannot
 Boaſt thoſe high glories, as to be victorious
 Over ſo brave a Conquerour.

Fred. Thoſe bright eyes,
 Like Heavens bleſt light, when from a miſt of
 clouds
 He peepes, and gilds the earth with brightneſſe,
 can
 Quicken and fire even marble hearts with love,
 Thaw ſoules of ice, my *Emilia*,
 A malefactor's feares are more upon him,
 Ere he doe come to's triall, then when he heares
 The Judge pronounce the ſentence of his death :
 'Tis ſo with me, and I ſhould be more bleſt,
 To heare that voyce of yours,

That Angels voyce (too fweet for fuch dire ufe)
With a fevere refusall ftrike me dead,
Then live tormented in a fad fufpence,
Ignorant of my deftiny.

Emilia. My Lord,
If I fhould frame my Virgin thoughts to love,
They fhould be fixt on you, but I'm fo well
Content, and fetled in a Virgin life,
I cannot wifh to change it.

Fry. Not to imbrace
A larger flock of happines, *Emilia.*
Virginity is but a fingle good,
A happineffe which like a mifers wealth,
Is as from others, fo from your owne ufe,
Lock'd up and clofely cabin'd, fince it not admits
Communication of its good, when you
Shall in the ftate of marriage freely tafte
Natures choice pleasures, that fame happineffe
You were created for.

Emil. You have prevail'd Sir ;
You who are ftill victorious o're your foes,
Muft needs remaine a Conqueror o're your friends.
My Lord, receive me freely, I am yours
For ever.

Fred. This chafte kiffe fhall feale the contract.
Come my *Emilia.* love is fuch a wealth,
As muft be gain'd by free confent, not ftealth.

Scena secunda.

*Wallenstein, Dutcheffe, Newman, Terzki, Kintzki,
Illawe.*

Wallenf. Are they agreed yet, *Newman.*

Newm. Faith my Lord,
The Virgin Lady's something fearefull, feares
A man of warre should board her, lest his charge
Should make her keele split, my Lord *Fredricke*
Is of that rough demeanour, spight of my
Instructions, he will never learne to woe
In the due phrase and garbe.

Wallenf. I doe admire,
The fond base carriage of our giddy youth
In love affaires, and grieve to see my sonnes,
(Who should inherit from me my great spirit,
As well as fortune) so degenerate from
My masculine courage ; when ith' blooming pride
Of my green youth I flourish'd, my desires
Aym'd alwayes rather in the tented field
To spend my houres, then on a downy Couch,
To see the face of a sterne enemy besmear'd with
blood,
Pleas'd me farre better then a Ladies lookes.

Dutch. And yet you vow'd,
E're you won me, my Lord, you ne're saw object,
That so much pleas'd your appetite.

Wallenf. Perhaps I might,
For the obtaining of my ends, descend
From my great spirit so much, as to decline
To idle Courtship, the birds and beasts will doe it

To fate their appetites, the fiery Steed,
(That in the fervor of a fight, oft times
Neighs courage to his rider) when provok'd
With eager heat, will licke and bite his female
Into the same desire : The Sparrowes bill,
And with a chirping rhetoricke, seeme to court
Enjoyment of their wishes, which fulfil'd
Dull as their heads, they couch beneath their wings,
And in a slumber, forfeit all remembrance
Of their past pleasures : Yet insatiate man,
In his desire more hot then Steeds or Sparrowes,
Will to obtaine it, quite devest his soule
Of all that's masculine in him, and transforme
His very being into woman.

Newm. Sure,
My Lord intends to write some Proclamation.
'Gainst wearing holland smockes, some furious Edict
'Gainst charitable leaguerers : I've knowne him,
(And so have you my Lords) for all this heat
'Gainst woman-hood, pursue a futlers froe,
(And she had but one eye neither, with as much
zeale,
As e're knight-errand did his faire Lindabrides,
Or Claridiana.

Ent. Fredrick, Emilia.

Tert. My Lord, your son and faire *Emilia*.

Newm. The quarrel's reconcil'd, Ile lay my life
on't.

Wallenf. Beauteous Lady,
The contract 'twixt me and your father, touching
The marriage 'twixt my son and your faire selfe, I
hope
By your consent is ratified : my boy
Lookes sprightly, as if he were new return'd
From a triumphant victory.

Fred. My Lord,
 I am so much a master of my wishes,
 By being blest in this faire Ladies love,
 I cannot wish a happineffe above
 What I possesse, onely would you be pleas'd,
 To destiny the most welcome houre for
 The consummation of our Nuptials.

Wallenf. 'Tshall be accomplish'd
 With all the speed that preparations can
 Be made for the solemnity. Your newes sir.

Int. Page.

Page. My Lord, there's Colonell *Gordon*, and
 some others
 Newly arriv'd from *Egers*, beg admittance
 Into your preface.

Wallenf. Let them enter,
 They are my noble friends. Madam take
 The bright *Emilia* to your charge: *Fredrick* you
 Have leave to wait on your Mistris. Worthy friends.

Ex. Dutch. Fred. Emil.

Int. Gordon, Lesle, Butler.

You're dearely welcome, I presume the businesse
 Must be of much importance, that could draw
 You (without giving us first notice of it)
 From *Egers* hither.

Lesle. Mighty Sir, our fortunes,
 Our honours, lives, whatfoe're we can call ours,
 Are such a debt to you, that we'r ingag'd,
 To sacrifice them all in any service
 For you, especially in this affaire

We'r now arriv'd about, since it concernes
Your precious life, which by that tyrant *Cæsar*,
At halfe the price and value of his Empire,
Is fet to sale.

Wallenf. Horror! as how, good Colonell.

Lefle. When you shall know fir
The traytors (such his malice would have made
them)

Pick'd out for the assassins of your person,
You'll blesse you from his trecheries, as from
Infectious damps, for the men, best Generall,
Are of such bosome trust, so neere ally'd
To all your counsels, 't had been as easie for them
To have acted your sad ruine, as it is
For me to speake this.

Tert. Very strange, pray name them.

Lefle. Even our selves,
Our faithfull innocent selves, were those same mon-
sters,
Design'd for to put in act his purpose, who
'Cause we were mercenaries in this warfare,
He thought as easily we would sell our faiths,
Court'd us therefore with whole piles of honours,
Mountaines of titles, mines of endlesse riches :
But where our honours stand in competition,
These are but frivolous baits, trifles for children
To play and toy withall, our faiths are chrystall,
Which poison cannot vitiate.

Wallenf. And our love
Shall strive by yours to take a faire example,
How to requite your truth, but pray what answer,
Return'd you to this man more great in mischiefs,
Then he's in power or title.

Lefle. Entertain'd
His proffer'd bounties with a specious shew
Of thankfulness, nay promis'd to effect
His damn'd intent, besought him not to imploy
Any other instruments but our selves t'accomplish
The ruine of your person : by this meanes

To free your deare life from the eminent danger,
Of being by others aym'd at.

Tert. These strangers loves
Surpasse credit.

Wallenf. To thanke you
For this fame deare preservall of my life,
Best friends, were to admit your action might,
Receive by gratitude a satisfaction,
But pray divide my soule, my life and fortunes,
Are at your disposition : noble Lords,
That this base Emperour seekes to take my life
By trechery, is an apparant signe,
He feares that I should live, and halfe victorious
E're blow be stricken, are they whom their foes
Dread, e're they doe behold them : let's go on then,
Arm'd with our aides, backt with our causes justice,
'Gainst this insulting Emperour, and resolve
To pull the tyrant from his Throne, destroy
His very name, his memory, his ashes,
With as much easie freedome, as rough windes
Demolish crasie buildings. Colonel *Gordon*,
Some five dayes hence we shall arrive at *Egers*,
There to make preparation for the Nuptials,
Betwixt our sonne and faire *Emilia*.

Come Lords, since we amongst our selves are true,
Conquest is ours, which we'l with speed pursue.

Exeunt.

*Scena tertia.**Albertus solus.*

Alber. To be in love, nay to be so in love,
To put off all our reason and discourse,
Which does distinguish us from savage beasts,
To dote upon a face (which like a mirror,
Sully'd by any breath) by the least sickness,
Grows pale and ghastly: Is not this mere madness,
Why should 't inhabit here then: sure the foul,
As 'tis a spirit of a subtle essence,
A form as thin and pure, as is an Angel,
Can ne're be author of these wild desires,
So opposite to its nature, they'r all fleshly,
Sordid, as is the clay this frame's compos'd of.
Shall the foul,
The noble foul, be slave to these wild passions,
And bow beneath their weight: ha *Isabella*.

Int. Isab.

All reason, sense and foul are in her looks,
There's no discourse beyond them: cruel faire one,
Are you still resolute to persist in your
Strange tyranny, and scorn my constant love.

Isabel. Doe not sir
Abuse that sacred title, which the Saints,
And powers celestial glory in, by ascribing
It to your loose desires, pray rather cloth them
In their own attribute, terme them your lust sir,
Your wild irregular lust, which like those fire drakes,
Mis-guiding nighted travellers, will lead you

Forth of the faire path of your fame and vertue,
To unavoided ruine.

Alber. This is coynesse,
A cunning coynesse, to make me esteeme
At a high rate, that jewell which you seeme
To part from so unwillingly (Merchants use it
To put bad wares away :) deare *Ifabella*,
Thinke what excessive honour thou shalt reape,
In the exchange of one poore triviall gemme,
And that but meerely imaginary, a voyce,
And unsubstantiall essence, yet for that
Thou shalt have reall pleasures, such as Queenes,
Prone to delicious luxury, would covet
To sate their appetites : Think *Ifabella*,
That hardest Marble, though not cut by force,
By oft diffusion of salt drops, is brought
Into what ever forme the Carvers fancie
Before had destin'd it : your heart's that substance,
And will by frequent oratory of teares,
Be brought to weare the perfect stampe, the figure
Of my affection on it.

Ifabel. Thus besieg'd,
It is high time, I summon up my vertue,
All that is good, about me, to assist
My resolution ; Sir, I would be loath,
That you should see me angry, 'tis a passion
My modesty is unacquainted with,
Yet in this cause, deare to me as my honour,
I needs must chide* your passion : O consider,
Looke what a precipice of certaine ruine,
Your violent will (as on some dangerous rocke,
That strikes what e're dashes upon't, in pieces)
Has cast your heedlesse youth upon : my Lord,
Why should you venter your whole stock of good-
ness,

Upon forbidden Merchandize, a prize
Which the most barbarous pirats to the Lawes
Of morall honesty, would feare to seize on,
Both for its sanctity and triviall value.

Alb. I'm thunder strucke.

Ifab. What foolish thiefe, my Lord, would rob an Altar,

Be guilty of the sacriledge, to gaine
A brazen cenſor : why ſhould you then affect
A fin ſo great, as ſpoiling me of honour,
For ſuch a poore gaine, as the ſatisfying
Your ſenſuall appetite ; think, good my Lord,
The pleaſures you ſo covet, are but like flattering
mornings,

That ſhew the riſing Sun in his full brightneſſe,
Yet doe e're night bury his head in tempeſts.

Alb. I'm diſenchanted, all the charmes are fled,
That hung like miſts about my ſoule, and rob'd it
Of the faire light of vertue : excellent Angel,
You have that power in goodneſſe, as ſhall teach
Wonder, that child of ignorance, a faith,
No woman can be bad : I doe confeſſe,
Big with the rage of my intemperate luſt,
I came to blaſt your purity, but am
Become its perfect convert, ſo reclaym'd
By your beſt goodneſſe from theſe foule intentions,
Hell has not ſtrength enough to tempt my frailty,
Toth' like wild looſeneſſe ; pray ſweet forgive me,
Seale it with one chaſte kiſſe, and henceforth let
me

Adore you as the ſaver of my honour,
My truth and fames preſerver.

Ifab. I am glad
I've wrought this reclamation on your folly,
And truſt me, I ſhall ever love this in you,
Though my more humble thoughts ſhall ne're aſpire
To affect your perſon.

Alb. Had you yeelded to my deſires,
Been no whit vertuous, I ſhould have eſteem'd you,
(My looſer heat by your conſent extinguiſh'd)
But as a faire houſe haunted with goblins,
Which none will enter to poſſeſſe, and bleſt me
From the prodigious building ; when now,

Big with the chaste assurance of your vertue,
 I doe beseech you by your love, your mercy,
 Looke on my innocent love, more spotlesse
 Then are the thoughts of babes, which ne're knew
 fouleneffe,

Accept me for your husband, start not Lady,
 By your faire selfe I meane it, doe intreat it
 As my extent of happinesse.

Ifab. This my Lord,
 Is too extreme oth' other side, as much
 Too meane I hold my selfe to be your wife,
 As my owne fame and honour did esteeme me
 Too good to be your prostitute: My Lord,
 The wiving Vine that 'bout the friendly Elme,
 Twines her soft limbes, and weaves a leavie
 mantle

For her supporting Lover, dares not venter,
 To mix her humble boughes, with the imbraces
 Of the more lofty Cedar: 'Twixt us two
 Is the same difference: Love my Lord and hope
 A nobler choice, a Lady of your owne
 Ranke; all the ends my poore ambition
 Shall ever ayme, shall be to love your worth,
 But ne're aspire your Nuptials.

Alber. You're too humble,
 Impose too meane a value on a gemme,
 Kings would be proud to weare, deare *Ifabella*,
 Let not thy modest sweetnesse interpose
 A new impediment 'twixt my lawfull flames,
 And thy owne Vestall chastity, let not feare,
 (To thy sex incident) of my fathers wrath
 Stagger thy resolution; thou shalt be
 To me, my father, mother, brother, friend,
 My all of happinesse; if we cannot here
 In peace enjoy our wishes, we will love
 Like Turtles in a Defart, onely blest

Enter Fred. Newm.

New. Why look you fir, yonder's the cock oth game,
About to tred yon ginny hen, they'r billing ;
Shall we retire, my Lord, perhaps they are going
to't,
And 'twould be a shame to spoile their sport.

Fred. I am resolv'd, I'll speake to him.

Newm. Your pleasure must be accomplish'd,
But take heed we draw not the Virgins curses on us
Both, take heed on't, it will fall heavy.

Alber. Surpriz'd, and by my brother, prethy
sweet
Withdraw, I would not have thy timorous eares,
Frighted with his loud anger.

Fred. Save you brother,
You've parted with your Mistresse, pray tell me,
Does she kisse well, has she a fragrant lip ?
Are her demeanours courtly, apt to ravish ?
Are you resolv'd to run away with her,
And stain the honour of our family,
For her sweet fake ?

Alber. Gentle brother,
You speak a language I nor understand,
Nor value much the meaning. In your love
I medled not, and 't had been manners in you,
Not to have intruded upon mine, your presence
Being unrequired.

Fred. You'r very confident,
Young Gallant, in defence of your brave Mistresse,
I know you are in love, bravely in love
With a trim Chamber-maid, a thing made up
Of a cast Taffatie gowne of an old Wardrobe :
Degenerate brother, were I not aslur'd
Of your chaste mothers vertues, I should question,
Whither my father got you, but I'm come
To disinchant thy senses from the charmes,

That hatefull witch throwes on them, but resolve
Quickly to quit her, or by Heaven shee'd better
Commix with lightning.

Alber. Pray, good brother use
Your threats upon your Corporals, or flampe
At your tame Lancepresados, when they doe not
Performe your charge ; your rage upon your boyes,
Were more becomming, then upon your brother :
If you will fit, and with attentive patience,
Marke what I shall deliver, I will give you
Reasons for my intentions, but if not,
You may depart unsatisfied.

Fred. Well Sir, be briefe, I shall attend you.

Alb. In briefe, I love faire *Isabella*, so
As honour, not the vicious heat of youth,
Commands me to affect, I love her vertue,
And have in that as noble, rich a dowry,
As the addition of estate and blood,
Which you have acquir'd in your late happy
match

With young *Emilia*.

Fred. Dare you, boy, name her,
And my *Emilia* as paralels.

Alb. Why, good brother,
Though she transcends her in her birth and fortunes,
Yet in the rare indowments of her minde,
She is her equall, vertue has a soul as precious
In peafants as in Princes, 'tis a birth-right
None can deprive them of, who truly have it.
'Tis so with *Isabella*.

Fred. You doe intend to marry her.

Alb. Yes brother.

Fred. Shee is a Whore.

Alb. 'Tis a most scandalous lye, and on your
heart,
Ile prove her chaste and vertuous as *Emilia*,
As your *Emilia*.

Fred. Have at you.

Fight.

Ent. Tertzki, Kintzki, Newman, Illawee.

Newm. Help to beat down their swords, my
Lords,
Death, *Fredrick, Albertus*, what doe you meane?
Let's beat them both, hart I thinke you'r drunk
With *Lubecks* beere or *Brunswicks* Mum.

Kint. For shame
Put up your angry weapons.

New. How fell you out Gentlemen, how fell you
out.

Tert. It was a fad misfortune, nor would I
It should arrive unto our Generals notice,
For halfe my Earledome : 'Las my Lord you bleed.

Alb. No matter,
My blood could ne're in more holy use
Have been imploy'd.

New. Now the heat's over, do you not both
thinke
Your selves a paire of coxcombs, come shake
hands,
I will make you both stark drunke, but I will
have you
Good friends agen, brothers fall out, for shame,
Brothers fall out.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus quartus : Scena prima.

*Wallenstein, Fredericke, Dutcheffe.**Wallenf.* Can this be possible.*Fred.* 'Tis a truth,

And if your high authority countermand not
His fond intentions, he will wed her, and
Dishonour our great Family.

Wallenf. Call him hither.

I shall instruct the gallant youth his duty.

Dutch. But good my Lord, do not with too
fevere

A harshnesse chide the error of his love,
Left like a chrystall streame, which unoppos'd
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
Being stop'd oth' sudden, his calme nature riot
Into a wilfull fury, and persist
In his intended fancie.

Wallenf. Gentle Madam, teach
Your women how to dresse you, here are none
Doe need your prefence or instruction, you would
have him

Leape your neat Chamber-maid, and get a Mon-
key

For you to play withall : He is here,
Pray you depart, *Fredrick* attend your mother,
I would be private.

*Int. Albert.**Alb.* Your Grace was pleas'd to send for me.

Wallenf. I did so,
Know you the cause?

Alb. Not yet, my Lord.

Wallenf. I am your Father sir,
Whose frownes you ought to tremble at, whose
anger

Should be as dreadfull to you, as Heavens curses;
Looke on my face, and reade my businesse there.

Alb. Alas my Lord, your lookes
Are discompos'd with rage, your fiery eyes,
Rowle with the accustom'd motion, they had
wont

To dart upon your enemies, I am
Assur'd my innocence can no way merit
Your all-consuming anger.

Wallenf. 'Tis a lye,
A worthlesse lye, false as thy flattering hopes are,
You are in love, most gallantly in love
With *Isabella*, one who is compos'd .
Of paint and plaisters: thou degenerate monster,
Traytor to fame, and parricide to honour,
Abject in thy condition, as thy thoughts are;
Teare this vil'd strumpet from thy soule, do't
quickly,

Renounce her with all binding ties can urge thee
To keep thy faith, or I will quite put off
The name of Father, take as little notice
Thou art my of-spring, as the surly North,
Does of the snow, which when it has ingendred,
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.

Alb. This was the killing fever I still fear'd;
Sir I should be a stranger to your blood,
As well as noble worth, should I commit
Actions I sham'd to justifie: I confesse
I love faire *Isabella*, and beseech you,
The meanenesse of her fortune and her birth
Omitted, she may be confer'd upon me
In lawfull marriage.

Wallenf. Dare you boy,

Speake this to me.

Alb. I should Sir be degenerate
From your great spirit, should I feare to utter
What I doe wish effected, were you a God,
As being my Father, you'r but a degree
To me beneath one, in a cause so righteous,
I should not onely boldly crave your licence
But hope to have it granted.

Wallenf. Hell and furies,
Durst any mortall foole, but my owne issue,
Venter to brave my fury thus ; resolve
Villaine in full to satisfie my purpose,
Doe it without regret, renounce this strumpet
Even from thy foule, abandon her remembrance.
Or by my owne unwearied valour, better,
And with more safety thou mayst hug a wave,
When its white lips kisse heaven : yong fir your
honor

Is not your owne, for it you'r but my factor,
And must give me account, a strict account
Of the errors you run in : to the Dust
Of my great Ancestors, stand I accountant
For all my family, and their blest ashes
Would breake their Marble lodgings, and come
forth

To quarrell with me, should I permit this bar
To stain their glorious Heraldry.

Alb. Great Sir,
Can vertue be a blemish, or true worth
Disgrace Nobility ; 'twas that at first,
When Nature made all equall, did distinguish
'Twixt man and man, and gave a just precedence
To the most worthy : Honour is Vertues of-spring,
Since then the Angell, my affection's fixt on,
Is faire and vertuous, all the good that ever
Durst with fraile flesh commix, or earth be proud of :
How to our Families honour can she bring
A diminution ? Can fir the chaste ice,
Kiss'd by the Sun, into its native substance,

Pollute a chryftall River, furely rather
It addes fresh moyfture to its ftream. My Lord,
I am your fonne, and have been ftill obedient
To your commands ; O by your love, your vertue,
Your never daunted vertue, I befeech you,
Grant me this one request, wer't for my life,
I fhould not be fo abject, as to fpend
This breath for its redemption.

Wallenf. Well, thy prate
Has overcome me, I am pittifull,
Beyond my nature pittifull to thee,
Thou fhalt enjoy thy wifhes.

Alb. All the bleffings,
Prayers can obtain from heaven, fhower down upon
you
For your fuperlative mercy.

Wallenf. Stay and marke me,
'T fhall be with this condition, that as foone
As thou art wed, and haft enjoy'd thy wifhes,
Ere the next Sun rife on you, you refolve
Without remorse, to kill your *Ifabella*.

Alb. Heavens protect me !

Wall. Nay thou fhalt fwear it too : 'Las gentle
boy,

I know thy nature is too full of fire,
To mix with fordid earth, and though thy luft,
(Which is but manhood in thee) prompt thee on,
To tafte the fweets of *Ifabellas* beauty,
I know thou fcorn'ft fo much to unmake thy
Gentry,

To take her for thy wife, perhaps ſhe will not
Give up her honour, till the Church has feal'd
That grant as lawfull ; freely I allow
Her brave ambition, if as a reward
Due to her haughty pride, thy own hands kill
her,

And fo wipe out the infamy.

Alb. Strange cruelty !
So tyrants us'd to grant offenders life,

After their condemnation : to reserve them
 To combat wild beasts in the spacious Cirque,
 Or bloody Amphitheater : My Lord.

Wallenf. Pish I am deafe, inexorable as Seas
 Toth' prayers of Mariners, when their sinking
 Keel
 Is drunke with billowes.

Ent. Dutch. Ifabel and Page.

Dutch. O my Lord,
 Your justice on this curfed witch, this thiefe,
 This morning I have loft out of my Cabinet
 The fo much valu'd Jewell, which your bounty
 Bestow'd upon me, none but she and I
 Having been there fince ; she must be the thiefe :
 Force her to restitution.

Wall. 'Twas a gem,
 My mother gave me, which I did preserve
 With as much care, as votaries doe the reliques
 Of their protecting Saints : I gave it you,
 When in the eager fervor of my youth,
 I destin'd you my wife : come hither minion,
 You who can steale the Jewels of mens hearts,
 With your enchanting forceries, will not feare
 To make a venter upon pettier theft :
 Sirrah goe bid them wait me here.

Ifa. My Lord,
 I'm fo secure in my own innocence,
 That should your fury riot on my life,
 'Twould not affright me, I should meet my death,
 As willingly as I should doe my rest,
 After a tedious watching, there's no armour
 Like that of innocence, with which I'm guarded,
 And therefore laugh at punishment.

Wal. So brave,
 I shal soon quell your insolence : lay hands

Ent. a Guard.

On this ignoble strumpet, hang her up,
Here in my presence.

Alb. Stay fir, I doe beseech you heare me.

Wal. Your intreaties
Are cast on me, as fools throw oyl on fire,
Striving to extinguish it : hang her up,
Ile hang you all else.

Alb. Then Sir I will speake,
Since you forget to be a father to me,
I will put off my duty ; I'm resolv'd,
Since 'tis impossible that we should live,
To dye together : nor doe not slave presume,
To touch this mine of purity, 'tis a treasure
While I'm alive Hell cannot ravish from me,
(For fiends would feare to touch it) if you
murder

This spotlesse innocent Virgin, you are such,
So mercilesse a tyrant, as doe love
To feed on your owne bowels, one whom nature

Created for a curse, and to get curses,
Such prodigies as I am, one whom all Lovers
Shall tremble at, if mentioned ; one.

Wallenf. Death have I lost my command, is he
or I

To be obey'd ? hang her, if he resist,
Kill the unnaturall Traytor.

Ifab. Deare *Albertus*,
Draw not a ruine on thy prizeles life,
For my despis'd sake I will go to death,
In full peace as does an Anchorite, that's assur'd
Of all his finnes forgivenessse.

Alb. Sawcie divell,

Carry that touch of her to hell, 'twill serve
To mitigate thy tortures.

Is run through. Kils one of the Guard.

Dutch. O my Lord, what has your fury acted,
Deare *Albertus*.

Alb. 'Twas a most friendly hand, and I could
kisse it,
For the most welcome benefit ; *Isabella*,
In death thou givest me life, thy innocence,
Will like my guardian Angell, safe convey me
To yonder heavenly Mansion ; pray forgive me,
Deare Sir, if in my over-hasty zeale
In this poore innocents quarrell, my wild fury,
Transgreis'd my naturall duty, and as the last
Request your dying son can aske, take pittie
On this most innocent Maid : thy hand, my faire
one,
And now as willingly I doe expire,
As a blest Martyr, who does court the fire. O *Isabella*.

Dies.

Dutch. O my deare *Albert*.

Wall. Death slave, dare you play with a flame
That shall consume you.

Hang her up, or torments shall pay your breach of
duty.

Ifab. There friend, there's all the Jewels I am
mistris of,

And that thou merits, prethee be as speedy
In thy dispatch, as fate it selfe ; there is
A pure white Ghost in yon same azure cloud,
Expects me straight, I come my deare *Albertus*.

Is hang'd.

Wallenf. Take hence their bodies, 'twas a hope-
full boy,
And one I lov'd well, till his wild love

Made him forget his duty ; and 'tis better
He di'd with fame, his sword in's hand, then
that

He'd liv'd with foule dishonour : would he were
Alive agen, I do begin to feele
Strange horrors here, and that big gueft, my foule,
Is fhaken as with a nipping froft, hence idle grief,
I muft be furnifh'd with more fpritley paffions,
Thou art too heavy, fit for the fociety
Of none but penfive women. All muft dy,
Why fhould not he then, 'twas his destiny.

Exeunt.

*Scena secunda.**Gordon, Lesle, Butler.**Lesle.* Are all your horse in readinesse.*Gordon.* Yes, 'tis time,
That we were mounted, 'tis foure leagues at least
Unto the Generals Campe, and 'twill be late
Ere we arrive there, are you yet resolv'd
Upon the meanes, by which to put in practice
Our long intended purpose, our delay
Will make the Emperour apt to call in question
Our faiths integrity.*Lesle.* So great a businesse,
Is not with easie speed to be perform'd :
An eager haste oft-times o'rethrowes the fortunes
Of such affaires, if we once get him hither,
Within our City walls, be confident,
He's in his grave ; but have you given command,
That all your Souldiers be in readinesse,
To waite the Generalls entry.*Butler.* They shall be
In their best furniture of Armes, all drawne
Into parada, he shall have all pompe,
And ornament of warre, to bid him welcome.*Lesle.* These triumphs
Shall be but funerall pomps before his death ;
Gordon, you must, as Governour of *Egers*,
Present the keyes with all humility
To his dispose, 'twill make him be more carelesse,
And trust his very foule into our hands.*Gordon.* Doubt not me,
I shall performe with cunning skill, what e're
Belongs to me ; but doe you intend the Generall

Alone shall fall, or his confederates
Shall perish with him.

Lesle. O by all meanes, Indian princes
Doe carry slaves to wait on them into
The other world, and 'twere inglorious,
That our brave Generall should not have that
privilege

Count *Tertzki*, *Kintzki*, *Newman*, *Marshall Illawe*,
Shall be his harbingers, and i'th' shades below,
Provide fit entertainment for his Ghost.

Butl. They are of power, their deaths will shrowdly
weaken,
The strength of the Conspiracie.

Lesle. Very true,
I'll craftily instill into his eares,
New causes of distrust, so to beget
In him more confidence of my faith, so to
Allure him hither sooner, we must worke
Surely, as does the Mole, who digs
Her habitation in the earth, and scornes
All the assaults of tempests; when he's in,
We must be prompt in action, sure of hand,
And sound of heart, and strike him with that
violence,

From the suppos'd Heavens, his ambition climbs to,
That the thin ayre does from its purer Regions
Dull earthly meteors; come let's away,
Nought crosses actions like a dull delay.

Exeunt.

*Scena tertia.**Wallenstein solus.*

Wallenf. To be diseas'd in mind, diseas'd past
 cure
 Of Phyficke or sage counsell, is a madnesse,
 The active Souldier, all whose ends are glory,
 And that by vertue (cowards terme a sinne)
 Ambition, should not be acquainted with.
 Although my cares doe hang upon my soule,
 Like mines of Lead, the greatnesse of my spirit,
 Shall shake the fullen waight off; naturall rest,
 (Is like a wholesome bath to limbes opprest
 With gouts and aches) to a troubled minde,
 A most excellling medicine, and I feele
 A strong propension in my braine, to court
 Sleepe for its mild Physitian: within there; boy.

Ent. a Page.

Sirrah be sure that none disturbe my rest,
 On no occasion, on your life I charge you.

Page. Shall I sing Sir.

Wallenf. Yes, if the notes be heavy, apt to
 invite
 The weary soule to slumbers.

Song.

Page. Who's there? you must not enter.

Ent. Dutch.

Dutch. Must not sirrah,

Where is your Lord ?

Page. Your pardon, gracious Madam, he's laid down

To rest, and has upon my life commanded
Me, none should wake him.

Dutch. Thinkst thou he is
So much addicted to his ease, he will
Neglect his business, goe in and tell him,
The Governors of *Egers*, Colonell *Gordon*,
And Colonell *Lesle* are without upon
Affaires of consequence.

Page. Would your Grace
Would pardon me, your selfe with greater safety
Might do it, Madam.

Dutch. Foolish boy, goe in, I will be thy
security.

Page. I shall performe,
Though most unwillingly your command ; my Lord,
Please you to rise, your Dutcheffe.

Wallenf. Ha, where's my sword,
Thou art a Coward Ghost, and not my sonnes,
To take me in my sleep unarm'd, my Poniard
Will still be faithfull to me, if thou beest not
Thin ayre, its point will graze on thee.

Stabs the Page.

Dutch. O my Lord,
What has your fury acted ? this your sudden
Murdring this innocent youth, doth adde new
horrors
To your strange cruelties.

Wallenf. Ha, my Page ! his death
Was but due justice for his breach of duty,
For thus disturbing of my rest.

Dutch. My Lord,
Your hands are purpled so in innocent blood,
Teares cannot wash the tincture of : my selfe
Am as deepe guilty as you in the slaughter
Of *Isabella*, she was innocent,

The Jewell I accus'd her of, this morning,
 Griefe to my soule, I've found, pray heaven,
 repentance
 May expiate our offences.

Wallenf. I begin
 To feele strange horrors here, my Marble soule,
 Does strive to sweat it selfe into a teare,
 At thought of these sad accidents. Noble Friends,

Ent. Gord. Butl. Lesle, Newm. Tert. Kint.

You'r opportunely welcome, I was oppress'd
 With suddenn melancholy, but your lov'd preface
 Expells all thoughts of it, and I'm growne
 As full of sprightly mirth, as when my hopes
 Aim'd at a glorious victory.

Gordon. Mighty Duke,
 According to my duty, I am come
 Here to present you with the keyes of *Egers*,
 My place of Government, and with them my
 life,
 To doe you service.

Wallenf. Noble *Gordon*,
 You doe so much indeare mee by your love,
 I have no possibility to requite
 Your overflow of Curtesies, have you not
 Receiv'd new intelligence of businesse,
 Which does concerne me.

Lesle. New temptations Sir
 Against your precious life, 'tis to be fear'd,
 Left seeing we doe flacke so in performance
 Of what we've promis'd, he'll imploy new agents
 To attempt your ruine, and should treason,
 As 'tis a subtle serpent, flings unseen Sir,
 Invade your life: to what a dire misfortune
 Were we, whose lives have upon yours dependance,
 Betray'd, and therefore good my Lord beware,
 Left your owne courage, which contemns all dan-
 gers,

Doe undoe you.

Wallenf. Never feare ; how farre
Is't hence to *Egers*.

Gordon. Some three houres easie march.

Wallenf. Set forward thither ;
It were in vaine my enemies fwords to feare,
When I doe carry sharper poniards here. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus quintus : Scena prima.

Emperour, Hungary, Queftenberg.

Emp. Vext with fo many cares, fo many miſ-
chiefs,

That doe like *Hidra's* dreadfull heads increafe,
By cutting off, as billowes follow billowes,
Succeed each other with that eager violence,
Our weary Eagles know not where to perch,
But flag their fickly wings : wer't not irreligious,
I ſhould capitulate with the powers divine,
And tax them of injuſtice ; my whole raigne
Has been a long and one continued trouble ;
And if bleſt peace with her faire beames did e're
Shine on our Empire, 'twas but like a faire
Deceitfull wind, courting the ſhips out of the harbor,
Into the maine to drowne them : but the mother
Of a more horrid warfare, that I feare as
I found the Wreathe Imperiall drown'd in blood,
So I in blood muſt leave it.

Queſt. Have good hope Sir,
Tides then approach their full height, when their
ebbe

Has been at loweſt ; the moſt hideous tempeſts,
Which ſeem'd to threat the ruine of the world,
Being uſher'd in by thunder and hot lightning,
Are ſooner paſt, there's nothing violent
Can boaſt of perpetuity ; our fortunes
Are not ſo deſperate, as our feares preſent them :
We've hands and hearts left yet, that dare oppoſe
The inhumane Traytor, and our cauſes juſtice

Affures us, if we cannot live victorious,
We shall dye nobly.

Hung. Man, my royall Father
Is not himselfe, when he beholds
Events through the quicke perspective of feare,
Which shewes him dangers at remotest distance,
As clearest and his most perspicuous obiects.
Suppose this traitor in his Giant-reach
Fathome even heaven it selfe, yet there are bolts
To strike him into earth for his ambition,
And make his memory and name, all, save his
treason,
For ever to be forgotten.

Emp. That which most
Does drive my tortur'd soule into affrights,
Is, that I see we'r false among our selves :
The faithlesse Souldiers daily doe in troupes,
Fly from our Ensignes to the Traytors Campe :
What cause have we then but t' expect sad ruine ?
When those who should be our security,
Doe prove our greatest enemies ; our Guard,
Our feare and terror, they all looke on him,
As superstitious Indians on the Sunne,
With adoration ; on me, with contempt,
Or (but at best) with pittie.

Quest. Mighty *Cæsar*,
To doubt an ill before it fall upon us,
'Mongst valiant and resolved soules, is counted
A point of cowardise : Great Spirits ever
Should be above their fates ; good Sir retreat
Into that fortresse of your minde,
Your resolution, call it up to guard
Your soule from timorous thoughts :
Are you the man have sway'd
The Roman Empire foure and twenty yeeres,
With that successe against your forraigne foes,
Your very name more then your forces vanquish'd,
To let a Traytor fright you : good my Lord
Let's draw forth new battalias to the Field,

Awake the Drum and Trumpet, summon up
 The very last hopes of our weaken'd strength,
 'Gainst this insulting traytor ; very infants
 Will on the sudden grow up able men,
 And fight in this brave quarrell.

Hung. Heaven it selfe
 Will arme on our side, and with certaine vengeance,
 Pursue the inhumane monster : why ? to dye,
 (As that's the worst can happen) in this cause,
 Were a religious martyrdome : I am your son Sir,
 And what your fortunes are, good or disastrous,
 Mine has on them dependance ; by my hopes, I doe
 So little waigh the-glorious traytors pride,
 I thinke him worthy scarce my meanest thought,
 And rest assur'd, ere long, I shall behold
 This fearefull meteor, that would be a Star,
 And does affright us with his hideous blaze,
 Like a vaine Comet drop his fading rayes.

Emp. Your comforts
 Come as in drougths the elementall dew
 Does on the earth, it wets, but leaves no moysture,
 To give the fear'd plants growth : But yesternight
 We'd certaine information, that our forces
 Led by *Matthias Gallas*, were o'rethrowne
 By *Saxon Waymar*, and his son young *Fredricke* :
 Who had they knowne as well how to pursue,
 As gaine a victory, and made a sudden
 Onslaught upon *Vienna*, their's ; not ours
 Had been the Wreathe Imperiall. Now your newes
 fir.

Int. Messenger.

Messen. Letters from Colonell *Lesse* fir, from
Egers.

Emp. This is our latest hope ; he writes me
 word,
 That the Arch-traytor, and his prime confederates,

Last night arriv'd at *Egers*, and assures me
Of their immediate ruine : Well Coloffus,
You'd best stand firme, unshaken as a rocke,
Whose feet the fierce waves striving to trip up,
Doe 'gainst its hard hooves dash themselves to
pieces,

Or thou wilt fall unpittied, fall to be
The scorn of story, the contempt and by-word
To all posterity ; let's in my Lords :
This law the Heavens inviolably keepe,
Their justice well may slumber, but ne're sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena ultima.

*Wallenstein, Tertzki, Kintzki, Illawe, Newman, Lesle,
Butler, Gordon.*

Lesle. The honour you have done us mighty
Duke,
By this your gracious prefence, gives a period
To our ambition ; *Egers* is growne proud,
Dares with *Vienna* stand in competition,
Which is the capitall City, which does hold
The true and lawfull *Cæsar*.

Gordon. Ferdinand,
Had he arriv'd here in his greatest glory,
Could not have been more welcome ; while I am
Governour of this towne, it and my life
Are at your service.

Wallenf. Noble Gentlemen,
You do so loade me with new courtesies,
I know not first for which to give you thankses,
And did a fullen humour not possesse
My much distemper'd faculties, my mirth
Should speake my gratitude ; but on the fudden,
I am so overburdned with sad thoughts,
I cannot suite my minde (so much opprest)
To jollitie.

Lesle. 'Tis our generall grieve,
Ought should disturbe your quiet here, when we
Were all compos'd of triumph, for the joy
We doe conceive for your arrivall. My noble Lord
of

Tertzki, these are the welcomes
Full bowles of sprightly Wine that Souldiers use

In entertainment ; to our Generals health,
And to his good recovery from his melancholy.

Tert. Who shall refuse to pledge it with that
zeale,

He would drinke healthfull potions, may it be
A deadly poyson to him : Colonell *Gordon*.

New. May he dye for droughth, like a Westphalia
Pig

I'th' dog dayes, or be choakt with eating tosted
cheefe.

Gordon. My Lord of *Kintzki*,
This to our Generals health, and welcome hither.

New. I'm like to faint for thirst,
Would 'twould arrive at me once, my mouth
Even waters at it.

Kintz. Noble *Butler*.

Butler. Marshall *Illawe*.

Newm. I shall be laft, I fee,
But if the ftoopes hold out, 'tis ten to one
I'll have my share.

Illawe. Here Colonell *Newman*.

New. And 'twere the Tun of *Heidleberg*, I'd
drink it

Off with as much ease, as a leaguer can
In a grim futlers house of thatch : My Lord,
Under your gracious pardon, take me off
This lusty rowse to your owne health, and after
Begin as much to each of ours, and if
It doe not make you as merry as a Corporall
Upon pay day, say I'm no *Esculapius*,
But a meere Mountebanke in the effects
Of sprightly Wine.

Wallenf. Kind Gentlemen, my thanks
To all of you, and would my disposition
Afford me licence, I should not forget
The souldiers ceremonie, to begin
Each of your happy wishes howsoever
I will trench so farre on my melancholy,
To drink this cup. To all your healths.

Omnes. Your Grace hath shewen us
A too excesfivie curtesie.

Wall. Ile onely
Repose a little, and if I find
My sad diftemper alter, Ile returne,
And frolicke in your company.

Newm. I smell him :
Hee has a plot upon us, hee'le steale hence,
And shift a score or two of cups, and then
Set fresh upon us, make us all as drunke,
As rats in the *Canaries*.

Lesle. Wee'l attend your Grace.

Wallenf. By no meanes,
Let not my melancholy discompose
Your thought of frolicke mirth : there's Colonel

Newman,
Will in my absence take a cup or two
For me : meane time bee merry, 'tis my charge :
Remember to observe it.

Ex. Wallenf.

Lesle. I'me sorry,
Hee should bee thus diftemper'd here. My Lord
Let not our Generals fadnesse rob us of
Our late intended iollity : Colonell *Newman*
You'd wont to bee all ayre : I hope, you are
not
Turn'd earth o'th' fuddaine.

Newm. No faith, thank heaven, I feel no inclina-
tion
That favours of mortality : gentlemen
Shal's have a catch.

Omnes. With all our hearts, good Colonell.

New. A military Madrigall, I learn'd it
Of a right Impe of *Mars*, a red-fac'd Serjeant,
At *Halberstat*.

Lesle. Will you begin.

Newm. Yes verily, but good Colonell
Let not your voyce rebell, nor be exalted

Into a Calidonia tune, 'twill spoile
Our ditty.

A Catch.

Lefle. My thanks, my Lords please you this
cup
Toth' happy Nuptials 'twixt young *Fredricke*,
And the faire *Emilia*.

Gordon. *Egers* will be honour'd
To have them celebrated here.

Newm. Doe me right good Colonell,
You drinke it as 'twere scarbeere.

Lefle. Captaine *Butler*.

Newm. No whispering good Colonell *Lefle*,
No whispering,
You know what followes, but drinke off your cup
Like a right Cavalier, this Neckar wine
Has a strange vertue in't, it elevates
Both flesh and spirit ; a months means for a wench
now.

Lefle. My Lord, I am
So farre from giving you a fit requital
For your late courtesies, that as satisfaction,
I must beg a new favour, one cup more,
Let's all together drinke a full carouse,
Unto our Generals health, and his revenge
Upon the Emperour ; you shall drinke no more,
'T shall be your last cup, trust me.

New. I shall drink no more, marke that, pray fill
up mine
Till it run o're, I would be loath to have
My last cup faulty.

Lefle. To his revenge.

Ent. four Souldiers with Pistols as they are drinking,
they shoot *Tertzki*, *Kintzki*, *Illawe*, *Newman*,
they fall.

Tert. Traytor,
Inhospitable slave.

dyes.

New. I'm something hot about the heart,
A cup of your small wine to coole me, sure
You grudg'd my liquor, and so broach'd me be-
hinde,
To let out what I had put in before, pox of your
pellets
Say I: I care not for any other hurt they have
done me,
But that they have spoil'd my drinking.

Dyes.

Lefle. So, this was wel perform'd, drag in their
bodies ;
Now Country-men our taske is halfe perform'd,
We have lop'd of the maine armes that did grow
Unto this lofty Cedar, there remaines
Nought but the trunke to cut from earth, and that
Shall by our owne hands fall, these slaves shall not
Have so much honour done them, as to triumph
In our great Generals slaughter : As great *Julius*
Fell by his much lov'd *Brutus*, who when justice,
And his deare mothers cause, the Common-wealth,
Commanded him to strike, with one home blow,
Finish'd brave *Cæsars* life ; so he by us
Shall surely perish : Friendship must not save,
Him and his foule ambition from one grave.

Exeunt.

Wallenstein solus.

Wallenf. Sure I beheld them, or the ayre con-
denf'd
Into their lively figures ; in their shrowds,
Pale and as meager, as they had convers'd

A yeere with the inhabitants of the earth,
And drunke the dew of charnell houfes : Shew'd
Albertus and his lovely Bride ; they wai'd
Their ghastly hands to me, as if in that
Dumbe language they'd invited me to come,
And vifit them in their cold Urnes. To dye,
Why 'tis mans nature, not his punishment ;
With this condition we all enter life,
To put it off agen ; 'tis but a garment,
And cannot laft for ever, both its fashion
And ftuffe will foon weare out ; why then fhould
death,

(If I were now creeping into my Marble)
To me be terrible, fince 'tis maine folly,
To feare that which we no way can avoid :
Nor is't much matter how we dye, by force,
Or naturally checker'd with grisly wounds,
Or in our beds, fince all's but the fame death ftill :
Oh ! but to dye furcharg'd with mortall finnes,
Such as can kill our everlafting beings,
Our foules, and fend them hence to bathe in floods
Of living fire ; there, that's the frightfull mifchiefe,
The other's but a trifle ; I, who never
Could feare the other, at the thought of this,
Am one with death already ; my vait crimes,
My horrid murders kill that confcience in me,
Which makes me know my guilt, that confcience,
Which as my fhaddow followes me.

Int. Lefle, Gordon, Butler.

Gordon. Come fottly,
And if my ftroake mifle, fecond me.

Stabs Wallenstein in the backe.

Wallenf. Ha ! 'twas no ghofst, that was a mortall
touch,

It came so home and heavily : base Traytor,
Who e're thou art, thou durst not see my face,
My looks would even have blasted thee :

Ha ! *Lesle, Gordon, Butler.*

Lesle. Yes 'Traytor-Duke, 'twas we, who cut thy
foul .

From thy weake twist of life, we who glory
More in performing this brave act of justice,
Then had we gain'd the Empire thy ambition
Aspir'd to, thy base trecheries to *Cæsar*,
Are by us reveng'd.

Gordon. The Counts,
Thy bold confederate Rebels; by our hands
Sent to their ruine.

Wallenf. Thus coward Hare,
Prey on a dying Lyon, for thee *Lesle*,
Basely perfidious to me in thy faith,
Receive my last breath in a curse : you have
But plaid the Hang-men to performe heavens justice.
Forgive me Heaven my past offence : I dye,
Not for my ambition, but my cruelty.

Dyes.

Lesle. Let us convey the body in, and post
With all speed to *Vienna*, and give notice
Toth' Emperor of our proceedings ; thus every
Traytor shall,
Stead of a Crowne, meet his owne Funerall.

FINIS.

THE LADIES PRIVILEGE.

[1640.]

THE
LADIES
Priviledge.

As it was Acted with good allowance at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*,
And before their Majesties at
White-Hall twice.

By their MAJESTIES Servants.

The AUTHOR *Henry Glapthorne.*

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.

Imprinted at *London* by *J. Okes*, for *Francis Constable*, and are to be sold at his shops in
Kings-street, at the signe of the Goat, and in
Westminster-hall. 1640.



To the true Example of Heroic
Vertue, and Favourer of
Arts, Sir FREDERICK
CORNWALLIS.

SIR:

YOU are so well acquainted with the Justice of *Nobility*, that your owne *Fame* is your owne *History*: you are writ in that Sir. Nor need I study to expresse it in a larger Character, since it is texted already in a Volume, time (which is *Edax rerum*) cannot exterminate. Thinke not, worthiest Sir, this can in me be flattery: your worth admits none: nor dare I sell my selfe to such a slavery, as to beginne my service to You with that unmanly prostitution: You have alwayes afforded me such

The Epistle Dedicatory.

transcendent favours, that I should descend to ingratitude, should not I study a retribution; which though I cannot reach at, accept Sir, I beseech you, this Essay of gratitude from

Your most obliged honourer,

Hen : Glapthorne.



The Persons.

Trivulci, *Duke of Genoa.*
Doria, *Admirall of Genoa.*
Vitelli, *his Friend.*
Adorni *his Lieutenant.*
Bonivet, *a Kinsman to Trivulci.*
Lactantio, *a Genoese Lord.*
Sabelli, *Page to Doria.*
Frangipan, *nephew to Corimba.*
Senators, Officers of State.
Chrifea, }
Eurione, } *Neeces to Trivulci.*
Corimba, *a Court Matron.*
Priest, Executioner, Virgins, Attendants.

The Scene Genoa.



The Prologue.

T*Is worth my Feares, to see within this place
Wits most accomplish'd Senate ; tis a grace
Transcending our desert, though not our
feare,*

*Least what our Author writes should not appeare
Fit for this Iudging preſence ; all the wayes
He knowes that lead to the true throne of Playes
Are rough uneaſie pathes, ſuch as to tread
Would fright an active able Muſe ; ſtrike dead
A weake and timerous traveller : for ſome
Will giue the play a pitious Martyrdome
Ere it hath life ; yet have t' excite that flame,
Only diſtruſt in the new Authors name.
Others for ſhortneſſe force the Author run,
And end his Play before his Plot be done.
Some in an humorous ſquemishneſſe will ſay,
They only come to heare, not ſee the Play,
Others to ſee it only, there have beene,
And are good ſtore, that come but to be ſeene :
Not ſee nor heare the Play : How ſhall we then
Pleaſe the ſo various appetites of men.
It ſtarts our Authors confidence, who by me
Tels you thus much t' excuſe the Comedy.
You ſhall not here be feaſted with the ſight
Of anticke ſhowes ; but Actions, ſuch as might
And have beene reall, and in ſuch a phraſe,
As men ſhould ſpeake in : Ladies if you praiſe,
At leaſt allow his language and his plot,
Your owne juſt Priviledge, his Muſe hath got
So full a wreath, that ſpight of Envyes frowne
Shall in his Brow ſit as a laſting Crowne.*

The Ladies Priviledge:

Act. 1. Scena. 1.

Enter *Bonivet*, *Lactantio*, and *Vitelli*.

Bonivet.



S the newes certayne he is arriv'd ?

Vit. The Duke

Had sure intelligence, that the whole
Fleet

Anchor'd last night without the Bay : and now
For confirmation of it, the thick breath
Of his saluting Cannon hangs in Clouds
Over the Cittadell, and the glad noyse
Of the applauding people, gratulate
His entrance to the River.

Bon. The day rose

So cheerefully, as if it meant to gild
With unaccustom'd light, his sayles fwolne big

As pregnant mother with the pleasing ayre
Of victory.

Lac. The rumour of the Fleet
Has filld all *Italy* with wonder, how
So small a number should in open fight
Defeat the Turkish Navy; and conclude
The Generals skill and valour, the mayne cause
Of the atchievement.

Vit. Hee has return'd as large
Affurance of his worth, as when his force
Back'd with successeive fortune which attends
His mighty resolution, over-threw
The power of *Venice* in a fight; which changed
The Sea into a flame, and tooke me in't
His fortunate Captive.

Bon. Sir, tis noble in you
To acknowledge that as good, which might have
bin
Your eminent ruine; flatly buildings so
Rise out of ancient structures which the rage
Of eating time, or anger of the windes
Had totter'd from the ground works: you may
prove
As fairely happy in the Generals love,
As in the honour which your name or Country
Confer'd on your desert.

Vit. You speake the scope
Of my intention, a perfect friend
Includes both honour, Country, Family,
And all that's deare and holy: such a friend
As is my *Doria*, to whose spacious merit
Succession shall pay volumes, who was man
Ere in the smooth field of his face, rough age
Displayd his hairy Ensigne; who has puld
Bright honours wreath from her triumphant front
In battailes when the trembling Sea being calme
Did croud and thrust its waves into a storme
To part the dreadfull fury.

Lac. The report

Of his Land services do stand on termes
Of Competition with the multitude
Of his Sea Victories.

Vit. Yet must subscribe
To his Navall triumphs: though the Land
Has seene him Conquerour, when the bodies
flayne

Buried the ground they dy'd on, which did shake
To view it selfe entomb'd by them, for whom
It was ordain'd a Sepulchre, the Drums
Were to his eares delightfull as the Lute:
Pikes moving then in Forrest, seem'd as groves
Of lofty Cedars stir'd by sportive winds,
And when warres Quiresters, the whistling Fife,
And furly Trumpet sung an army dirge,
That fatall musicke wraps his sprightfull fence,
Like joviall Hymnes at Nuptialls.

Bon. You cannot exceed
His praises duty, since his worth contains
Honours most severall attributes.

Ent. Frangipan.

Lac. Signior *Frangipan*,
What riding post on foot, whither in such haste?

Fran. Very well met gentlemen, I scarce have
breath

To utter a wise word yet.

Lac. We do believe you Signior, and are in
doubt

When you'll have leasure for 't.

Fran. Heare you the newes,
The General's arriv'd: farewell, he will not land
Till I have had the maiden-head of his hand.

Exit.

Bon. Tis such another Parrat, he relates
Things by tradition, as dogs barke: his newes

Still marches in the reare, yet he relates it
 As confidently, as if each tale he tells,
 Was to be fraight inferted as an eight

Ent. Doria, Adorni, & Sabelli.

To the seven former wonders——But here comes
 one
 Will cut off the Fooles Character : renowned
 Generall

Doe us the gracious honour to permit us
 Salute the hand has fav'd our Country.

Do. Noblest friends,
 I am more victorious in your earely loves,
 Than in the Turkish Conquest ; though I remaine
 A Captive to your kindnesse, my *Vitelli*,
 The solid earth, or a continued Rocke,
 May by some strange eruptions of the wind,
 Be rent, and so divided : but true friends
 Are adjuncts most inseparable : I have
 Still worne thee here *Vitelli*, as a Jewell
 Fit for no other Cabinet : gentlemen
 Your welcome hands me thinks we should embrace,
 So as ships grapple in hot fight, nor part,
 Till our affectionate fury has discharg'd
 Vollies of joyfull courtesie.

Ador. This is fitter ceremony for them then to embrace an enemy, who will not part on termes so easie : these gentlemen know better to cut a Caper, than a Cable, or board a Pinck in the Burdells, than a Pinace at sea : I marvaile my Lord should know such Milk-fops.

Vit. My Lord,
 You come t' instruct us Courtship, as y' ave taught
 Your foes to feare your valour : you appeare
 As if this were your Nuptiall day, on which
 You were to wed bright triumph ; but you can

As well Court peace in filkes, as raging warre
In burnish'd Steele, and touch the ravishing strings
With as much cunning industry, as if
Mars could like *Orpheus* strike the trembling
Harp.

Signior *Adorni* welcome home, I hope
Y'ave made a richer prize, then when my ship
Struck to your mercy.

Ador. Yes, we are very like
To make good prize indeed, when all the profit
Goes to the State and heavy-headed Burgers,
That lye and snort at home, and eate what we
Sweat bloody drops for.

Do. Honest *Adorni*,
His bluntnesse must excuse him gentlemen ;
How harsh and rough foe're he seemes, his humour
Will quickly vary, when I have bin tyr'd
With toyle of warre ; the observations which
His travailes have afforded him of men,
Countries, and manners, lively set forth
By his expressive action, has begot
Mirth in my drowsie soule : when y' are acquainted
With his conceit of carriage ; you'll not affect
A jovialler Companion,—See the Duke.

Flourish. Enter *Trivulci*, *Chrissea*, *Eurione*,
Corimba.

Tri. My noble warrior,
Peace now lookes lovely on us, since we enjoy
The author of't in safety : rise my *Doria*,
Let me embrace those youthfull limbes which
cloath
Warre in loves livery : thy honour'd father,
When he return'd laden with Turkish spoyles,
As trophies of his valour from the slaughter
Of *Haly Bassa* at *Lepanto*, where
The Christian name was hazzarded, arriv'd not

More welcome to the State; beleeve me youth,
 Hadst thou a mother living, to be proud
 Of thy Nativity, unlesse she wept
 For joy to see thee, could no way expresse
 A more affectionate gladnesse : *Chrifea*,
Eurione welcome him homè, who cannot
 Receive an equall grace to the just value
 Of his deservings.

Chri. Your grace prepares us for that,
 We did intend to offer.

Corin. Yes truely did wee sir, this Generall is ill-
 bred, I warrant him, to flight a gentlewoman of my
 demeanor.

Dor. My gracious Lord,
 To tender thanks, where tis a debt, not duty,
 Befits an equall ; subjects ought to offer,
 With the sincere devotion that our Priests
 Doe prayers to Heaven, their hearts as sacrifices
 To their deserving Princes, whose sole favours
 Doe as the quickning lustre of the Sunne
 Cherish inferiour spirits : yours have bin
 Show'd downe on me as elementall dew
 On the parcht earth, which drinks it up, and cannot
 Give heaven a retribution, yet my duty
 Shall speak my willing thankfulnesse, and while
 These armes can weild victorious steele, no danger
 Shal fright me from that service which I owe
 My Prince and Country : since men are not borne
 For themselves onely ; but their life's a debt
 To th' Common-wealth that bred 'hem.

Tri. Gentle warriour,
 Thy fathers spirit swells thy soule, I reade it
 In thy submissive loyalty ; lets in,
 Tis just that those who caus'd the warres to cease,
 Should have the early fruits of their owne peace.

Flour. *Ex. præter Corim. and Eurione.*

Euri. *Corimba*,
 Have you imploy'd a serious diligence yet

In giving Lord *Vitelli* secrete notice
Of my affection to him ?

Corim. Truly Madam,
And as I hope to have a husband yet
Ere I be fifty, I have beene so ta'ne up
About my new device, I scarce have leifure
To say my prayers sincerely : Ladybird
You looke not sprightly, ravishing, onely this flar
Was not well cut, nor well laid on, it wanted
A little of my learned art : *Vitelli*
Doubt him not Madam, he shall love you so :
Tis pretty neat now ; I would not have a Lady
That weares a glasse about her, have the least
Pimple in her countenance discompos'd, it does
Disgallant a whole beauty.

Eur. But *Corimba*
What's this to me, thou maist as well tell tales
Of love to one departing life, these toys
Relish with me as bitter pills with children,
Wilt thou effect my businesse ?

Cor. I confesse
I have beene very fortunate in bringing
Couples together, though I neare could couple
My selfe with any, your Ladyship could not
Have chose a better agent.

Enter Frangipan.

Fran. Save you sweet Lady, save you, Aunt I
have
Lost all my mornings exercise at Tennis
In seeking you, and yet was still in hazzard,
Whether I should meet you ; I must request a little
Helpe from your Art good Aunt, a patch, or two,
To make me appeare more lovely, for my glasse
Tells me I have a very scurvy face
Without some ornament.

Cori. Tis a good innocent face, be not asham'd
on't;

Ile cut out one instantly ; nay I never
Goe unprovided of materialls let me see,
What forme is best for thee ; that somthing time-
rous

A heart stuck neatly on thy face, will excite
Thy heart to more audacity, good Madam
Dost not become him prettily ? Cofen be fure
You doe commend this fashion to all gentlemen,
Wert but as common among them as Ladies,
My wit would be eternally made famous
For the invention.

Fran. Wilt please you to dispatch Ant, i'me in
haft,
I've a whole staple of newes to vent.

Corin. Of what tree ?
I would have my kindred more ridiculous
To th' world than I am ; Cofen all your newes
Is stale ; invent me rather some choice story,
How true or false no matter, and declare it
For newes, twill please farre better, and endear
Your judgement i'th' relation——

Enter Doria, Chriftea, Sabelli.

Fran. Noble Generall y'are happily encountred ;
Have you seen my Aunt yet Signior, here she is, I
have
Newes to informe you worth your knowledge.

Dor. Keep them
Good Signior till some other time : *Eurione*
We must implore your absence, we'd be private.

Cor. Why we have beene trusted
With as good secrets : please your Lordship
Accept this Crescent, you see my Cofen
Is in the fashion ; let me lay it on,
Infooth your face is, for a fouldiers,

Too smooth, and polite ; this device will shew
As't had a skar upon it, which is an honour
To faces Military.

Dor. Good Madam gravity,
Keep your devices for your Chamber Lords,
That dance to Ladies shadowes ; pray be gone,
We need not your society——*Sabelli*

Exeunt

Put to the doore, and then be gone——*Chriftea*

Exit.

The modest Turtles which
In view of other more lascivious Birds
Exchange their innocent loves in timerous fighes,
Do when alone most prittily convert
Their chirps to billing ; and with feather'd armes
Encompasse mutually their gawdy neckes.

Chri. You would inferre that we
Should in their imitation spend this time
Intended for a conference which concernes us
Neerer then Complement.

Dor. Why my *Chriftea*,
We may entwine as freely, since our loves
Are not at age yet to conceive a finne,
Thine being new borne, and mine too young to
speake

A lawlesse passion, for my services
Pay me with pricelesse treasure of a kisse,
While from the balmy fountaynes of thy lips
Distills a moisture precious as the Dew,
The amorous bounty of the morne
Casts on the Roses cheeke : what wary distance
Do you observe ? speake, and enrich my eares
With accents more harmonious then the Larks
When she sings Hymns to Harvest.

Chri. Sure my Lord
Y've studied Complement ; I thought the warre
Had taught men resolution, and not language.

Dor. Oh you instruct me justly, I should rather
Have tane the modest Priviledge of your lip,
And then endeavor'd to repay the grace
With my extreamest eloquence.

Chri. You mistake me.

Dor. Remit my ignorance, and let me read
The mystry of thy language in thy lookes,
In which are lively Characters of love
Writ in the polish'd tablets of thy cheekes :
Which seeme to vary colours, like the Clouds
When they preface a storme ; and those bright eyes
Dart unaccustom'd beames, which shine as anger
Flash'd from their fiery motion.

Chri. You misconster
The intention of my lookes, I am not angry
Though much distemper'd.

Dor. At what, by whom ?
Lives there a creature so extreamely bad
Dares dis-compose your patience ? speake, reveale
The monster to me ; were he fenc'd with flames,
Or lock'd in Bulwarkes of congested yce :
And all the fiends stood Centinels to guard
The passage, I would force it to his heart,
Through which the mounting violence of my rage
Should peirce like lightning.

Chri. I beleieve
That in some triviall quarrell to redeeme
My fame, should scandall touch it, you would fight
Perhaps to shew your valour : But I have
A taske to enjoyne me, which my feares possesse me,
You dare not venture to accept.

Dor. By truth
You wrong my faith and courage to suspect me
Of so extreame a Cowardize : have I stood the heat
Of Battailles till upon the mountainous piles
Of slaughter'd Carcasses, the foules which left em
Seem'd to ascend to Heaven : that your suspicion
Should taint my honour with this base revolt ?
This is not noble in you.

Chri. Doe not rage,
When you shall heare it, you will then confesse
Your confident errour.

Dor. My loyalty will not
Permit that strong rebellion in my breaſt,
To doubt the meanest falſehood in a word
Her voyce can utter, which ſhould charme the
world

To a beliefe, ſome Cherubim has left
Its roome in heaven, to carroll to the earth
Celeſtiall Anthems, and I now beginne
To queſtion my owne frailty ; but by all
Which we call good or holy, be't your will
I ſhould invade inevitable death,
In its moſt ugly horreur, my obedience
Shall like a careleſſe Pilot caſt this bark
On that pale rocke of ruine.

Chri. Will you ſweare this?

Dor. Yes, invent
A forme of oath ſo binding, that no Law
Or power can diſpenſe with : and ile ſeal't
With my beſt blood : pray Madam tell me what
The impoſition is you judge ſo eaſily,
Will ſtagger my juſt truth, that I may flye
On Loves light wings to act it.

Chr. Heare it then, and doe not,
As you reſpect your oath, or love, requeſt
The cauſe of what I ſhall command.

Dor. Still Suſpitions :
My honour be my witneſſe, which no action
Shall violate, I will not.

Chri. Enough, that vow
Cannot but be materiall, receive it,
I muſt no longer love you.

Dor. That's no command : what did you ſay
Chriſea?

Chr. I muſt no longer love you, and command
you,
Leave your affection to me.

Dor. Y'are very pleasant Lady.

Chri. You'll finde me very ferious : nay more,
I love another, and I doe enjoyne you,
Since tis a man you may o're-rule, to affist me
In my obtaining him, without whose love
I'me refolute to perish.

Dor. Sure I dreame,
Or some strange fuddaine death has chang'd his
frame
To immortality ; for were I flesh
And should heare this, certaine my violent rage
Would pull me to some desperate act beyond
The reach of fury ; these are words would infect
Rose-colour'd patience ; Cleere and lovely front
With loathsome leprosie, change flames to teares
And with unusuall harshnesse of the sound
Deafen the genius of the world.

Chri. Where's now
The strength of foule you boasted, does the noyse
Of the death speaking Cannon, not affright
Your settled resolution, and the voyce
Of a weak woman shake your youthfull blood
Into an ague : since you so ill beare this
When you shall heare the man, whose love has
stolne
Your interest, you will rage more than unlimited
fire,
In populous Cities.

Dor. Sure tis she who speakes :
I doe enjoy yet found untainted fence,
Each faculty does with a peacefull harmony retaine
Its proper Organ ; yet she did rehearse
She must no longer love me : oh that word
Transformes the foule of quiet into rage,
Above distracted madnes : madam tell me,
What place is this ? for you have led me
Into a subtle Labyrinth, where I never
Shall have fruition of my former freedome,
But like an humble anchorite, that digs

With his owne nayles his grave, must live confin'd
To the sad maze for ever.

Chri. Sir you cannot
By most submissive and continued prayers
Reclaime my affection, which stands fixt as Fate
Vpon your friend *Vitelli*.

Dor. My friend *Vitelli*?

Chri. Sir, I [do] not use
To jest my life away : *Vitelli* is
The person, to obtaine whose pretious love
I doe conjure you by all tyes of honour
To imploy your utmost diligence.

Dor. Can I bee
So tame o'th' fuddaine ? has the feeble spirit
Of some degenerate Coward frighted hence
My resolution, which has given a Law
To fate it selfe, that I must now become
The stale to my owne ruine : oh *Chrisea*,
Who wert so good that vertue would have sigh'd
At the unwelcome spectacle : had you
Appeard but woman in a passion,
Though of the slightest consequence : oh doe not
Abjure that Saint-like temper, it will be
A change hereafter, burdenous to your soule :
A sinne to one, who all his life-time blest
With peace of conscience, at his dying minute
Falls into mortall enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Chr. My will
Guides my determination, and you must
In honour act your promise.

Dor. Yes, I will,
Since you can urge it tho, but two
Things pretious to me, and one cruell word
Robs me of both ; my friend and her, *Chrisea*
I have not left another sigh to move,
Nor teare to beg your pittty.

Chri. They are but vaine,
You may as easly thinke to kisse the starres,]

'Cause they shine on you, as recall my vowes,
Which^{*}I will urge no further ; but wish you
Regard your honour : But farewell, I must
Be cruell e're to my owne love unjust.

Ex.

Dor. She's gone ; what vapour, which the flatter-
ing Sunne

Attracts to heaven, as to create a starre,
And throw it a fading meteor to the earth,
Has false like me : I am not yet growne ripe
For perfect sorrow, but as a bubbling brooke,
That sports and curls within its flowry Bankes,
Till the vast sea devoure it, onely falling
Into the abyffe of mischief ; passions surround
My intellectuall powers, only my heart,
Like to a rocky Island does advance
Above the fomy violence of the flood,
Its unmov'd head : love be my carefull guide,
Who failes 'gainst danger both of wind and tide.

Ex.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Bonivet, Laſtancio, and Adorni.

Bon. **T**Hanks good *Adorni*, we are much en-
deer'd
To your relation ; this rich corfick wine
Erected our dull ſpirits, and you ſhall
Command our ſervice in as high and jocund
A Nature.

Ador. Sir, although I am
One that affects not the nice phraſe of Court,
Having bin nurs'd in warre, yet I can frame
My ſelfe to imitation of what humour
Shall there, or any where appeare to be
Worthy my laughter.

Bon. You have explain'd your knowledge, we who
breath
Onely the aire of *Genoa*, and ne're taſted
Forraigne behaviour, covet nothing more
Than certaine knowledge of it, as 'tis proper to
Complexions intellectuall to delight
In novelties ; your Spaniard as you ſay,
Is of a ſtaid, ferious, and haughty garbe :
Acts all his words with ſhrugs and geſtures, kiſſes
His hand away in kindneſſe ; is of dyet
Sparing, will pick his teeth as formally

After an Orenge, or a clove of Garlicke,
Which is his ordinary morfell, as he'd fed
On Partridges or Pheasant.

Ador. 'Tis his grace

After his dinner Sir, and to confirme
Their most officious gravity, a *Castilian*
Was for some crime in *Paris* to be whipt
In triumph through the streetes, and being admonished

To be more swift of foote, so [to] avoyd
The dreadfull lash the sooner, in scorn answer'd,
He rather would be flead alive, than breake
A Title of his gravity.

La. Much good

Doe it his patient shoulders : but *Adorni*,
What thinke you of the *French* ?

Ador. Very ayry people, who participate
More fire than earth ; yet generally good,
And nobly disposition'd, something inclining

Ent. Corim.

To over-weening fancy——This Lady
Tells my remembrance of a Comick scene,
I once saw in their Theatre.

Bon. Adde it to

Your former courtesies, and expresse it.

Ador. Your entreaty

Is a command, if this grave Lady please,
To act the Lady I must court.

Cor. Why doe you thinke I cannot play the
woman ? I have plaid a womans part about twenty,
twenty yeares agoe in a Court Masque, and tho I
say't as well as some o' them, & have bin courted too,
But it is truth, I have a foolish quality as many more
women are guilty of besides my selfe, I alwayes love
them best, which slight me most, and scorne those

that doe court mee : look you Signior, if't be a lovers
part you are to act :

Take a black spot or two, I can furnish you.

'Twill make your face more amorous, and appeare
More gracious in your Mistris eyes.

Ador. Stand faire Lady.

Cor. Tis your part to stand faire fir ; doubt not
my carriage—

O most rare man : sincerely, I shall love the
French

The better while I live for this.

Ador. Acts furiously.

Nay pray fir ; gentlemen entreat the man
To pacifie his wrath, tell him Ile love him,
Rather than see him rage thus.

Bon. He would have just reason to be mad indeed
then, but now
The Mood is alter'd.

Ador. acts ut antea.

Cor. Excellently ravishing : this is of force
To make the hardest hearted Lady love him :
Can I intreat him but to teach my Cosen
Some of his French, he will for ever be engal-
lanted.

Enter Eurione, and Frangipan.

Bon. Beautious Cosen,
Y'ave mist the quaintest sport ; honest *Adorni*
You would endear this Lady to you, would you
Please to react it.

Ador. Nay, if you make me common once, fare-
well ;
I am not for your company.

Cor. Pray fir a word or two ; here is a gentleman,
Nay Nephew, though I say't a toward young man,
Vouchsafe him your acquaintance.

Ador. Will he fight, is he fouldier ?

Cor. No truely fir, nor shall hee bee :
I would be loath to have my onely Cofen
Heated about the heart with lead ; he's dull
Enough already : *Frangipan* come hither,
This gentleman will for my fake teach thee *French*.

Ador. For your fake reverent Madam I shall
do't :
Sir 'pleafe you walke, we will conferre on rudiments.

Cor. Come with him Coz : Sir, and you have
occafion
To use me in a pleasure, stands within
The ability of my performance, pray command,
You shall not be deny'd.

Ador. Come Signiors, will you walke ? *Ex.*

Eur. Cofen *Bonivet*,
I should be glad, after some minutes, to
Enjoy your Company.

Bon. I shall attend your Ladyship.

Eur. *Corimba* what answer from *Vitelli* ? do I
live ?

Or in the killing rigour of his scorne
Must I dye wretched.

Cor. Sincerely Madam,
You are too timorous of your owne deserts,
Or else you durst not doubt, that he, or any
You being so neat your selfe, and drest as neatly
As any Lady in the Court, should hazzard
The reputation of his wit, by slighting
Such an accomplish'd beauty.

Eur. You talke,
And play the cunning flatterer, to excuse
Your negligence ; but know affections fire
Once kindled by desire, and blowne by thought

Into a heat, expires a thousand sighes,
Which as loves smoak, like incense flyes to heaven,
While the light fire with nimble wings doe soare
To its owne spheare, true lovers hearts who
cherish

The flame, till they to ashes burne, and perish.

Cor. Why Ladybird,
Are you so passionate, the gentleman
Is a kind gentleman, has all that may
Set forth a man ; for when I told him how
Like a hurt Deare you wounded were with love,
Life how he leapt for joy, as if the selfe
Same arrow which struck you, had glanc'd on
him,

And as a token of his love, hee sent you
A bleeding heart in a Cornelion, which
Besheew me, most unfortunately I lost.

Enter Chrisea.

Chri. Cornuba see
If Generall *Doria* be within—*Eurione*

Ex. Cor.

I have beene seeking thee, how dost thou sister ?
I must demand a question that concernes
The safety of your fame.

Eur. I rest
Secure in mine owne innocence, and no malice
Can forge an accusation which can blemish
My meanest thought with scandall.

Chri. I beleeve,
But know *Eurione* I am enform'd
You doe affect *Vitelli*, and conjure you
By the deare memory of our mother, tell me
If the report be certaine.

Eur. Should I deny't,
My love would muster thousand blushes up

To invade my guilty Cheeks, I must confesse
 I love him so, as modesty and truth
 Afford me warrant.

Chri. Tis ill done,
 And childishly so easily to impart
 The treasure of your liberty, to keeping
 Of a neglected stranger.

Eur. His owne worth
 Deserves as noble knowledge here, as many
 Who borrow titular glory from the dust
 Of their forgotten Ancestours.

Chri. You defend him
 Like a brave Championesse, as if you meant
 T'ingage your dearest pawne of life and honour
 In his protection.

Eur. Say I did, the even't,
 Though most strict justice would allow as law-
 full
 My honourable purpose.

Chri. Fie, you are
 Lead on too wildly by your fancy sister,
 It ill befits the greatnesse of your blood
 To seeke to mixe its pure streame with a poore
 Regardlesse River.

Eur. He appeares to me
 Broad in his owne dimensions as the sea,
 Cleare as a brooke, whose Christall lips salute
 Onely the freshest medowes : such a Creature
 That were some cunning painter to expresse
 An Angell cloath'd in humane shape, he might
 From his derive a patterne.

Chri. But suppose my fancy
 Should over-sway my judgement, to affect
Vitelli ; sure your manners would allow me,
 By willing resignation of your choyce,
 The priviledge of my birth-right.

Eur. Would you urge
 A claime so justly mine, because you view'd
 The light two yeares before me : no *Chrissea*.

Love's an unlimited passion, that admits
No Ceremonious difference : this prerogative
Should Queenes endeavour, their unvalued Dow-
ries

Are not of worth to purchase : and tho here
As it befits me, I observe the distance
Due to your birth ; yet in loves sacred Court,
My place is high as yours, and there we may
Walke hand in hand together.

Chri. Doe not flatter
Your fancy with this vaine conceite : *Vitelli*
Must be no more yours ; Know I have en-
joyn'd

The Generall *Doria* to engage his friend,
To imbrace my proffer'd love to him.

Eur. You strive,
Because you thinke my young and timorous flame
Unapt t'incounter brave *Vitellis* heat ;
As cunning Nurles doe with froward Babes,
Fright them into an appetite : but say
All this were reall, thinke you *Doria* would
So easily be perswaded to renounce
His proper interest, and intrall his friend
To an unwilling slavery ?

Chri. By truth
He has impawn'd his honour to endeavor
What I have utter'd, gentle Girle consider
Loves unresisted violence, and beleewe
I would not have a rivall to usurpe
A corner in the Kingdome of that heart
Of which i'm soveraigne, so farewell deere foule,
Consider ont.

Exit.

Eur. Consider ont, why this is such an act,
Done by a cruell sister, as shall taint
That holy name with such a blacke reproach
That should a thousand pious Virgins weepe,
Rivers of teares, their most immaculate drops

Would not wash white her scandall haplesse girle,
That in loves tempests wert but lately tost;
And now recoverd in a calme art lost.

Enter Laſtantia.

Laſt. Madam the Duke intreats your instant company.

Eur. I shall attend his pleasure, good *Laſtantio*.

If you can meet my Cofen *Bonivet*,
Deſire him viſite me.

Exit.

Enter Doria.

Dor. Noble *Laſtantio*,
Y'are happily encounterd, I expected
My friend *Vitelli* here, this is his houre,
I wonder he is tardie.

Laſt. Your Lordſhip
Prevents the time with ſpeed, or elſe *Vitelli*
Has ſome impediment by buſineſſe, ſir,

Enter Vitelli.

Y'are opportunely welcome to deliver
Your owne excuſe, I was about to ſtretch
My invention for you.

Vil. Noble friend,
Your enemy had you ingagd your faith
To any perſonall meeting could expect you,
But at the minute, reaſon may diſpenſe
Twixt us with ſuch a nicety.

Laſt. Now your friends
Arriv'd, I muſt beg licence to depart,
I have ſome vrgent buſineſſe.

Dor. Good *Laſſantio* your time's your owne.

Laſſ. I kiſſe your Lordſhips hand.

Exit.

Vit. Friend now wee're alone, I ſafely may
Speake my conjecture, I have read your lookes,
And in their penſive Characters finde ſecret,
Strange ſignes of ſadneſſe.

Dor. I am ſad indeed,
When my remembrance tells me I have only
Verball affurance of your frienſhip.

Vit. Try me
By any attempt, whoſe danger does ſurpaſſe
The common path of daring, beet to ſnatch,
A ſiry boul't when it from heaven comes wrap'd
In ſheetes of lightning to afford true prooſe
Of my affection, and with eager haſte,
Such as inſpires a husband to enjoy
His ſpouſes virgine purity, ile runne
To the atchievement.

Dor. Theſe are but proteſts
Such as be got by ceremony, proceed
Not from intensive zeale, yet ile experience
The truth of your affection by a triall
Of ſuch a noble and effective weight,
Which if you bravely doe ſupport, you'l ſtand
As ſome tall Pyramid or Columne for
Your owne memoriall to tell after-times
The power and ſtrength of frienſhip.

Vit. Pray nam't,
And 'twere a burden would orepreſſe the earth,
Ile be the able *Atlas* to ſuſtaine
Heaven on my willing ſhoulders.

Dor. There is a Lady
In whoſe each eye ſits fire, & on her cheek
Victorious beauty captive to her ſmiles
Dances in lovely triumph, one who emblemes
The glory of mortality in each looke,
Contractſ the orbe of luſture to a glance,

Brandishes beames, whose purity dispence,
 Light more immaculate then the gorgeous east,
 Weares when the prostrate *Indian* does adore
 Its rising brightnesse, yet this wonder doates
 On you with such inevitable fervor
 That I in pittie of her sufferings come
 T'intreate you love her.

Vit. Whom my Lord ?

Dor. You cannot

Appeare so strangely stupid not to acknowledge
 Creations miracle, when I point out
 Her very figure you as well may see,me,
 When the bleake North does with congealing blasts
 Binde up the crisling streames in chaines of Ice,
 Not to know Winter, ignorant of her
 Who had she liv'd when superstitious mists
 Shaded the world, more groves of gammes had
 fam'd,

To her Divinest beauty, then to all
 The race of idle deities ; tis *Chrisea*,
 The faire *Chrisea* loves you.

Vit. The faire *Chrisea*, your Lordship's merry.

Dor. Doe you flight

What I deliver'd with that unfain'd zeale,
 That penitents doe their prayers, I say, *Chrisea*
 A name whose every accent sweeter founds,
 Then quires of *Syrens* fence bereaving notes,
Chrisea loves you infinitely above
 Expressive termes ; the Orators should strive
 To paint her masculine fancy, and i'me bound
 To pay this homage to her best content,
 As to conjure you, by all sacred ties
 Of honour, amity, and what else may serve
 To inforce the indeerement with your noblest love
 To gratifie her fancy.

Vit. No perswasion

Can make me thinke this serious, good my Lord,
 Doe not you love *Chrisea* ?

Dor. More then a babe

Does the kind Nurſe that feedes it with her
blood,

More then I doe my quiet, or the joyes
Of ought but bleſt eternity ; *Vitelli*,
No other argument can more convince,
Suſpition ſhould it doubt my love : but this
That to procure her peace, I have confinde
The greatneſſe of my paſſion, and give up
To thy diſpoſe, a Iewell which the earth
And ſea ſhould both unlade their hidden wealth,
Should not have purchas'd from me.

Vit. Theſe are arts to puſle my conceits, my
Lord

I'me no ſuch punie in the Craft of love,
That I want braine to finde this drift, which is
As obvious to me as your eyes : now you
Are home return'd victorious, big with praife,
Laden with titles that ſit heavier on you
Then your ſteele Corſlet in hot fight contemne,
Affinity with me, to whom y'ave heard
The faire *Eurione* has reſign'd her heart,
And by this circumvention ſhould I court
At your entreates her ſiſter might pretend
A righteous cauſe, for an unjuſt revolt,
For were it otherwiſe, your temper could not
Brooke your *Chriſeas* change without a ſtart
Into a ſudden fury.

Dor. This language

I underſtand not, by my honour friend,
This iteration may diſperſe your doubt,
I doe agen conjure you by all right
Friendſhip can challenge in you to affect
Chriſea nobly ; ſhall I have your answer ?

Vit. Nay then my Lord,
Since you are ſerious, freely I reſume
The priviledge of my liberty ; this body
I doe confeſſe your captive, and t'has ſufferd
An honourable thraldome, but my minde
Remaines unbounded as the ayre or fire,

Are from their spheares, *Eurione* has wone
 By the subduing valor of her lookes,
 That in a field of fancy, not of blood,
 And ere another shall usurpe her right,
 In the defence ile dye her willing martyr.

Dor. I judg'd what serious value
 Your boasted friendship would retaine ith test,
 Draw your bright weapon, know that I doe hate
 Basenesse as much as cowardice : and since
 You flight a Lady for whose pricelesse love
 Kings might resigne their Crownes, and humbly fall
 Like bare foot pilgrimes prostrate at the shrine
 Of such a beauty, fure if in this sword,
 Death has a residence your life shall finde it,
 And not survive to boast the cruell triumph
 Of her refusall.

Vit. Sir your sword
 Cannot excite a trembling in my blood,
 The glistring splendour cherishes my sight,
 Like polish'd Chrystall, henceforth name of friend
 Be no more known betwixt us then a dreame.
 Thus I expire it, I may now regaine
 My honour forfeited in the Generall cause
 By this particular Combate.

Dor. Should my fate
 Yield me the conquest, yet his death would not
 Beget *Chriseas* quiet, but augment
 Her grieve and hate against me : stay, forbear,
 I feele a palsey in my veines, and cannot
 Manage this little instrument of death,
 My sinews put on infancy agen
 And have no vigor in them, oh *Vitelli*,
 I am so full of passion, I have scarce
 Roome left to vent a sigh, a mine of lead
 Hangs on my heart, and with its weight has crack'd
 The feeble courage.

Vit. Noble soule, his grieve
 Workes more compunction in me, than his sword
 Did suddaine anger ; could I grant what you

Request, no brand-markt slave should fulfill
Sooner his Masters most severe command,
Than I would yours ; but this abrogates all lawes
Of friendships duty : if y'ave vowd this act,
You may as safely disanull the Oath,
As should you in some desperate fury sweare
To be your fathers murtherer.

Dor. Bid me first renounce
My allegiance to my honour, sell my faith
I owe my Native Country : my *Vitelli*
I feele an humour in my braine, which strives
For passage at mine eyes, wilt see me weepe ?
Consider friend, denying my request
Thou dost undoe a Lady, who may claime
The priviledge of all hearts : depriv'st the world
Of such a jemme, that should old nature strive
To frame her second, it would quite exhaust
Her glorious treasury, then in her ruine :
My life and honour's forfeited, think this,
And were thy heart obdurate as a rocke
Of Adamant, this thought joyn'd with my teares
Would sooner than the blood of Goats dissolve it
To gentle softnesse.

Vit. Your eyes are moving advocates, they speake
Such an o're-flowing Language, that my love
Then in its owne cause a most partiall Judge,
Allows my mercy freedome to pronounce
Sentence on your side : you have prevail'd,
Ile serve *Chrisea*, as her pleasure shall
Dispose my will and fortune.

Dor. I beginne
To feele my spirits quicken, and my blood
Receive its noble temper ; deare *Vitelli*,
Thy noblenesse does prompt thee to an act
Shall write thy friendship higher in the lists
Of sacred amity, than mothers loves.
Goe to my best *Chrisea*, she expects
To know by thee the truth of my succeſſe,
Tell her I am more happy in her blisse,

Than if I had enjoy'd her constant love :
 So leave^e me love, I may perhaps transgreffe
 Man-hood agen, and shouldst thou see me weepe
 Twice, thou wouldst judge my former flood of
 teares

A feigned passion.

Vit. Your Genius guard you ; thus I apply
 Balme to his wounds, while I doe bleeding dye.

Ex.

Enter Bonivet.

Bon. Noble Generall,
 I come to gratulate the happy choysē
 Y've made in faire *Chrifea* ; she's a Lady,
 That though she were a stranger to my blood,
 My judgement would allow as rich a vertue
 As ever glorifi'd the sexe.

Dor. 'Twould be
 A sacrilegious error not to admit
 Your Character for truth, but in our loves
 A thousand hidden causes doe produce
 Alternate changes, my returne has settled
 My thoughts on new resolves, and I must suite
 My affections to them.

Bon. How? perhaps because
 You are return'd triumphant with your bayes,
 Growing upon your brow, you doe reject
 The love before you su'd for, tis not noble
 So to abase a Lady, whose bright fame,
 Although untainted as a Christall rocke,
 Must passe a popular censure, if you, who
 Did with such earnestnesse pretend her match
 Should on the suddaine scorne it.

Dor. I'me not bound
 To give you reasons why ; but know my mind,
 Which your contesting cannot alter's fixt
 On what I have related.

Bon. I must then tell you
You doe defame the opinion of that worth
The world does credit in you : this affront,
Should all her other friends sit idle gazers
On her disgrace, should stirre me to attempt
An ample satisfaction from your heart,
Though you had multitudes of greater glories
Heap'd on your head, or were defenc'd with legions
To affright me from the adventure.

Dor. Sir, your courage
Is iuster than your quarrell, doe you think
I weare a sword onely for ornament ;
And though our yeares declare us equalls, yet
My education was i'th' trade of warre.
Tis my profession to infranchise soules
From prisons of their flesh, and would be loath
Cause you have interest in *Chriseas* blood,
Your passion should betray you to the fury
Of my incensed wrath.

Bon. All discourse
Is tedious to me, sure the world's abus'd
With report of your valour, men who commit
Affronts they dare not answer, use excuse
In moderation of them, I expected
I should have met an adversary of you,
Of temper hot as lightning, and as bold
As Lyons vext with hunger, and I finde you
A tame degenerate Coward.

Dor. All respect
Of love and pittie hence : Beare up, my steele

fight.

Has prickt your breast ; I would not have you dye
Chriseas Martyr.

Bon. . I've puld untimely ruine on mee, I'me
hurt,
I feare to mortall danger : Noble Generall,
See me conducted to *Lactantios* house,

There I shall get a Surgeon.

Dor. Noble young man,
Must'ring thy strongest spirits up : I am one
Of Fortunes pastimes ; yesterday return'd,
Advanc'd to heaven by the peoples breath,
To day hurl'd downe into the abyſſe of death.

Ex.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Chriftea, and Corimba.

Chri. CAME none yet from the Generall?
Cor. No infooth Madam : I proteft your
fifter

If ſhe continue in theſe fuddaine fits,
Will ſo undoe her face, that all my art
Can never rectifi't ; ſhee weepes, as if
She might as eaſily be ſupply'd with eyes
As with new dreſſings, ile be ſworne, I tooke
As hearty paines to cut a handſome heart ;
And though I ſay't it was a pretty one
As e're was made of Taffaty, to grace her Cheek,
And never truſt me if I lye to you,
Her teares has waſh'd her heart away.

Chr. Th' art ſtill in theſe
Impertinent diſcourſes : what's the cauſe
My fiſter is ſo prodigall of her grieve,
To let thee ſee her vent it ?

Cor. Why Madam, I have ſeene a Lady weepe,
Beſides your fiſter, and have wept my ſelfe too,
I never ſhall forget the time ; I could
Een cry agen to thinke on't ; twas at the death
Of your fine little Iewell : never Lady
Nurſt ſuch a dainty puppy, but hee's gone,

And farewell he ; I will not give a rush
 For any woman cannot use her eyes
 With as much liberty as her tongue, these fooles,
 These loving Ideots men for three forc'd drops
 Will mollifie like wax, and be made apt
 For any impressiõ.

Enter Vitelli.

Chr. *Vitelli* you are wellcome, I suppose
 Your businesse has been urgent, we expected
 Your presence sooner, howsoever now
 Tis grateful hither.

Cor. My young Lady shall
 Have notice of's arrivall, perhaps his sight
 Will cheere her drooping spirits.

Ex.

Vit. Madam, my friend
 The Generall, does by me tender his best
 And truest service to you, he has sent me
 Prompt, to fulfill the nicest poynt of duty
 Your pleasure casts upou me.

Chri. Sir, the Generall is
 So just in his proceeding, I must ever
 Esteeme him truly Noble, though I should
 Banish him my affection.

Vit. I could wish
 The sweetnesse of your vertue would vouchsafe
 To lay a reclamation of your love :
 Had you but seene with what ambitious haste,
 With what extreame perswasions he endeavour'd
 The satisfaction of your will, you could not
 Fancy a change from one so worthy.

Chri. No ? not to enjoy your selfe ?

Vit. Me Madam ;
 No equall eye can parallell my poore
 Regardlesse merit, with the glorious worth

Which does as farre transcend mine in desert,
As't does in eminence of fortune.

Chri. Sir your mostesty
Extenuates your owne worthinesse, to bestow
A large addition on your friends, my judge-
ment

Has ballanc'd both, and has concluded which
Ought to be held most noble, I doe honour
True constancy in men, pray tell me sir,
For it concernes me neerely, did you ever
Fervently love my sifter?

Vit. To include,
(All strength of humane zeale) as *Doria* does
Adore your excellent beauty, with a heat
Holy as foules in deepest fancy
Their fainted fellows.

Chri. And can you extinguish
So great a flame so easily, can entreats,
So soone subdue your temper? if your truth
Be of this wavering quality, how shall I
Receive assurance of it?

Vit. The vow
I made, my friend secures it, thinke not Madam
That both my parents with perswasive prayers,
Could have enforc'd me violate my faith
To faire *Eurione*, but when my friend,
My honor'd friend to whom I owe my life,
As tenant to his bounty, did in teares,
A souldiers teares whose every drop prevailes
More then a captive princeesse, plead the losse
Of his owne life, my gratitude did vanquish
Passion, and forc'd me tear even from my soule
Euriones affection.

Chri. You are just
In your determination.

Enter Eurione.

Vit. Bleſſe me friendship,
 And with thy white wings overſhade my heart,
 Or here deſcends a Saint will diſpoſſeſſe thee
 Of the accuſtom'd ſhrine, a barke encloſ'd,
 Twixt two encountring tides is not more toſt
 Then I twixt ſtriving paſſions, while a friend,
 I cannot be a lover.

Eur. Vitelli

Am I in your opinion loſt ? my ſiſter
 Relates ſo ſad a wonder, that if truth,
 I am undone for ever.

Vit. Harke ſhe ſpeakes too,
 A tempting language ; ſuch was our firſt mothers
 voyce,
 While ſhe was innocent, deere Ladies would
 I could divide my ſelfe, for being one,
 I cannot on the Theater of my minde,
 Act both a friend and lover, that two names
 Of ſo intire affinity ſhould occaſion
 So manifeſt a diſſenſion, in a foule
 That would be true yet is inforc'd, though loath,
 To forfeit one, or to be falſe to both.

Chri. My expectation did not
 [Pre]ſage this ſoftneſſe in you, I had thought
 You had come furniſh'd with a full reſolve
 To act your friends requeſt. .

Vit. Yet I muſt needs
 Speake in a cauſe ſo moving ; Madam thinke
 How much more noble tis in you to ſave,
 Then to deſtroy ; behold three bleeding hearts
 Imploring pittie from you, mine, your ſiſters,
 And your adorer *Dorias*, which one word
 Of yours would ranſome from approaching death,
 Oh be not ſparing of that breath, 'twill found
 In the juſt eares of heaven more ſweet then
 prayers

Offerd by Cloyster'd virgins, oh resume
Your native charity, and fulfill my suite,
And in requitall of that sacred grant,
Time shall depend like summer on your brow,
And your whole life be one continued youth.
Such were the springs in Paradise, and when
You passe to be a sharer in heavens blisse,
Virgins and innocent lovers spotlesse teares,
Hardned to pearle by the stronge heate of fighes,
Shall be your monument.

Chri. This whole discourse
Should you enlarge it to a volumne, cannot
Alter my meanest thought, I only wish you
As you are noble to respect your honour :
That's all my answer.

Exit.

Eur. But doe you meane
Vitelli, to performe what *Doria* has enjoyn'd you.

Vii. I shall melt
Into a willing pittie, if the flame
Of friendship did not with its effectuall heat,
Dry up loves moysture : deere Madam he
That has commanded me this deathfull taske
Claimes such a lawfull Interest in my life,
That spight of my affection, I must yield
To his resistlesse will : yet I will love you
So far as honour gives me warrant, and
Wish you the best of women, the best joyes
Happinesse can impart to you farewell,
'Tis a befitting gratitude to give
That life a being ; by whose guift I live.

Exit.

Eur. Sorrowes flow high ; grieve unto grieve succeed,
Wounds are more dangerous which doe inward bleed.

Exit.

Enter Adorni, and Frangipan.

Ador. Come let not this dishearten you, your
French

Is a thing easily gotten, and when you have it,
As hard to shake it off, runnes in your blood,
As 'twere your mother language, but there is
An observation farre more necessary
T' improve your judgement, still let your discourse
Concerne the forraigne businesse, and be sure
To applaud out-landish fashions, and take off
From what is native, as if you shall heare
Any commend the *Genoa* garbe, or state
Answer in *France*, in *Naples*, or in *Spaine*,
No matter where, so it be farre enough
From hence, they are more politicke, more witty ;
Every way more deserving, this will speake
Infinitely judicious, when to praise
Our owne domesticke manners, is as if
A man should praise himselfe, and be accounted
A selfe conceited gul for 't.

Fran. Very good,
This is a rule Ile put in practice I,
Thanks to my inclination can speake ill
Of my owne father signior.

Ador. Signior ;
Still you betray your ignorance, why signior,
Mounfieur has a farre more airy and harmonious
found,
There's musicke in the letters, still polish your
phrase
With particles of language, which till I've taught
you
Perfectly answer with a shrug or nod,
Or any forraigne gesture, such a silence
Will be esteem'd for gravity, and become you better

Then volubility of ſpeech does ſome
 Whoſe tongues are gentlemen uſhers to their wits,
 Still going before it, and when you doe ſpeake,
 Let it not be, as now you doe of newes
 Abroach ten daies before, and quite drunke of ;
 But what affaires are acted then in *France*,
 What in the Engliſh Court and ſtill remember
 T' extoll 'hem infinitely, and if any answer
 Comparatively with our owne a ſerious laughter,
 Will not become you ill, to ſhew how much
 You flight their error.

Frah. Better ſtill, I like
 This ſlighting humour infinitely, but how
 If they ſhould talke of our *Italian* dames,
 I'me bound to be their Champion, for I've heard
 Strangers report, and I hold their opinion,
 Our Curtezans excell all other Nations.

Ador. That ſhew'd thoſe ſtrangers judgements, and
 confirm'd
 What I would have you underſtand in *England*,
 Where publicke houſes are prohibited :
 There are the braveſt Laſſes, here ſome *Donſella*
 That was the laſt night yours, ſhall for two Ducats
 To morrow be a Saylers : when there
 Your Citizens wives, girles freſh as ayre, and whol-
 ſome

As pretious *Candy* wives will meet their Gamſters,
 At a convenient Taverne, rob their husbands
 Without a ſcruple, and ſupply their friends,
 While the good innocent Cuckolds pay a price
 For their owne horning.

Fran. Excellent, excellent
Genoa, I doe deſie thy coſtive girles,
 Ile henceforth love theſe Engliſh ſparkes of gold :
 Would I were there : it ſhould goe hard but I
 Would graft on their Aldermens Coxecombs.

Ador. Th'are grafted faſt already fir, beſides
 They ne're get Children, but their Hench boyes on
 Their Sergeants wives, after ſome City feaſt,

When the provoking spirit of White broath, and
Custard enflames their blood : what *Genoa* Bur-
geffe

Dares be so boldly courag'd : Ile tell you,
And marke how base and fordid it appeares
To have our Cellers stuff'd with Corfike Wines :
Yet for this foolish finne cald Temperance,
Tantalize, and nere taste it, while your *Dutch*,
Your noble-spirited *German* will carrouse
A score of Goblets to provoke this stomacke
To's bread and Butter ; doe nothing but by dis-
crete

Counsell of drinke, not match his daughter to
A man he sees not drunke first, scarce say's prayers
Till he be full of liquor, which enflames
The minde to generous actions.

Fran. I commend 'hem,
And will be glad to imitate.

Ador. Your *English*
Deserves as large applause, who to say truth,
Out-drinks the *Dutch*, as is the common proverb,
The Dutch-man drinks his buttons off, the *English*
Doublet and all away, then marke their carriage :
If two fall out and strike, and be by company
Parted ; though one weares in his face the badge
Of his dishonour, which excites him to
As brave revenge, not daunts him : for he'll straight
Call out his enemy to a single Duell,
Scorning his life ; contemning the Lands lawes,
Which doe forbid those combats, and ne're part
Till one be slaine, and the survivor sure
As death to hang for't.

Fran. Excellent, I love a man that cares not for
hanging.

Ador. Then to their further glory, which takes
off

All the disgrace of halter, they are sure
Ere they be scarce cold, to be Chronicled'
In excellent new Ballads, which being sung

Ith' ftreets 'mong boyes and girles, Colliers, and Car-
men,
Are bought as great memorialls of their fames,
Which to perpetuate, they are commonly ftuck up
With as great triumph in the tipling houfes,
As they were fcutchions.

Fran. Better : yet I'de give
A hundred Ducats to be chronicled
In fuch a hiftoricall Canto : who compofes them ?

Ador. They have their fpecial Poets for that pur-
pofe
Such as ftill drinke fmall Beere, and fo are apt
To fpit out lamentable ftuffe : then for their
cloathes

They hate a cut domefticke, but imitate
The French precifely gallants, weare their long
Parifian Breeches, with five poynts at knees,
Whofe tagges concurring with their harmonious
fpurres

Afford rare muficke ; then have they Doublets
So fhort ith' wafte, they feeme as 'twere begot
Vpon their Doublets by their Cloakes, which to fave
ftuffe

Are but a yeares growth longer than their skirts ;
And all this magazine of device is furnifh'd
By your French Tayler : what Country man is
yours ?

Fran. A *Genoeſe*.

Ador. Fie, change him Monſieur,
You have heard a Spanifh Count's
Lately arriv'd, without any advice, how'd you falute
him ?

Fran. Thus fir, after our Italian fafhion.

Ador. That's too vulgar ;
You muſt accoſt him thus with a ſtate face,
As if your beard had beene turn'd up that morning
By advice of all the Barbers in the City,
As you had dreſt you in a Looking-glaſſe,
Proper to none but the Dukes privy Counſellors :

Pronounce your *Befolas manos* with a grace,
As if you were the sonne and heire, apparant
To th' Adelantado of *Castile*.

Enter Laſtantio.

Laſt. *Adorni*, this is no time for mirth,
Your noble General has ſlain Lord *Bonivets*,
And for the act is a priſoner.

Ador. Dares the ſtate bereave him of his liberty,
Without whoſe moſt unwearied valour,
It had beene betray'd to ſlavery?

Lac. You know Lord *Bonivets* alliance to the
Duke.

Ador. Alliance, death a thouſand *Bonivets*,
And Dukes and States, weigh not
A ſcruple poys'd with his full worth.

Lac. He's to be tryed ith' morning without
noyſe,
For feare of mutiny, and tis ſuppos'd
That if ſome virgin Lady doe not claime
Her priviledge, and begge his life, he'll ſuffer.

Fran. If the maid that begges muſt be above
fifteene,
Tis ſhrewdly doubted where ſhe'll be found.

Ador. All our virgins ought, if they have vertue,
to contend
For ſuch a glory; but if all be ſqueamiſh,
May all the daughters of our beſt Burgers runne
Away with ſouldiers, and become Sutlers wives.

Fran. Elſe when they have a maſculine itch
upon 'hem,
And would taſte man, may they be wed to Eunuchs.

Laſt. Or elſe be forc'd to keepe their maiden-heads
Till they be muſty and not marchantable
To younger brothers with additions of wealthy por-
tions.

Fran. May they when they would strive to mend
their faces to allure a fuitor, want paint and blacke-
patches to stoppe the Crannies of their Cheekes ;
may their Pomatum bee mixt with Hogs-grease, that
they may be abominable even in the nose of Iewes :
may the green-sicknesse raigne in their bloods, and
may they be debar'd of oate-meale, and clay-wall, and
fall to Rats-bane.

Ador. May their parents turne most precise pre-
cificians,
And forbid em the sight of plays, or may they
never
Dance unlesse be to a bag-pipe or a Crowd.

Fran. May they want filkes for gownes, and if
they seeke
Supply from *Naples*, let them instead be furnish'd
With their Disease ; may Millaners breake and Feather
men,

May my Aunt dye suddenly, and bury with her
All her devises ; may there be no Earth
Found to make looking-glasses, that they come to
use of

Kitchen-wenches, dresse their heads by the reflexion
of a
Paile of water, or in a pewter chamber vessell.

Ador. *Laſtantio*, let's go wayte the Generall
In prison, 'twould be base should we neglect him
In his extremity.

Exeunt.

Enter Doria, and Sabelli.

Dor. Is it confirm'd hee's dead ?

Sab. The generall voyce
Divulges so ith' City ; and the Duke
Has sent an order which commands you forth
I'th morning to your tryall : my deare Lord
I hope the service you have done the State

Abroad, will here at home secure your life
From the Lawes violent Rigour.

Dor. Yes poore boy,
If thou mightst be thy masters judge *Sabelli*,
I am at the period of my fate, and would not
Have thee a sad spectator of my fall
At home, whom thou so oft hast waited on
Abroad in triumph, therefore gentle heart,
Returne home to thy mother, and survive
To serve a happier master.

Sab. My noble Lord
Have I so often followed you, when death
Attended on each step, when every hurt
That scar'd your noble body, I have wish'd
Imprinted on my flesh, and with my teares,
Even drown'd the purple deluge of your wounds,
That as my truth and loyalties reward,
I must be turn'd away unkindly, when
My last and justest service might declare
My zeale to you my master; Oh sir,
You more afflict my innocence with these words,
Then if sad truth had brought me the report
Of my owne mothers funerall, and should you
Enforce me leave you, the succeeding care,
And labour of my life should be consum'd
In a perpetuall weeping.

Dor. Good *Sabelli*
Cease this afflicting language, lest I grow
As childish as thy selfe, and burst into teares
To beare thee company.

Sab. Besides my Lord,
When your blest soule does on immortall wings
Arrive at heaven who shall attend it there,
The Saints and Angels will esteeme themselves
Worthy to be your fellowes, while my poore
And humble Ghost would reckon it a blisse
To waite on you, as carefully as when
We liv'd on earth together, deere my Lord,
Let me dy with you, death and I have beene

Play-fellowes these many yeares, he'l only bring me
To rest as pleasing to my sence as sleepe
After a tedious watching

Dor. This kinde passion
Shakes my most masculine temper ; heere *Sabelli*
Accept this Gold, these Jewells, as the last
Gift of thy perishing Lord, thou shalt accept 'em ;
If the law doe not passe upon my life,
Ile send for thee agen, I prethee leave me,
I would be private, and thy prefence does
Disturbe my serious thoughts.

Sab. Nay then tis time
For me the wretched't soule on earth to take
My lasting farewell of you ; all the joyes
Of blest eternity in stead of my
Desertlesse service ; waite upon your life ;
You ne're shall view your boy agen, for sure
If your light be extinguish'd, my weake flame
Cannot continue burning ; give me licence
To kisse your honour'd hand, and to let fall
A parting drop or two : and now farewell
For ever noble Lord : that greefe appears most true,
That's writ in blood as well as teares. [Adieu.]

Exit.

Dor. Poore boy ; I have not yet deserv'd so ill
But my untimely fate excites some pitty.

Enter Adorni, Lactantio, and Frangipani.

Adorni thou art come to see the last
And greatest of thy Generalls actions,
Which like a cunning and well mannag'd scene,
Not till the period will disclose the plot
Of my lifes Tragedy.

Ador. Your life my Lord ;
Death dare not venture to invade it, and
The state as soone will call the enemy

Into their City, as pretend the least
Danger to their supporting Columnne, which
Should it but shake, it might dismanttle their
Best Bulwarkes, burne their Navy, and surrender
Themselves to present slavery.

Laſt. The Duke,
Though he did hold his kinfman deere, will value
The publique good before his private ruine.

Fran. Let the Duke doe his worſt, and all the
ſtate

Stand on *Pontilios*, I can fetch a Lady
Of excellent quality ſhall beg your Lordſhip,
He make her doo't.

Ador. Nay, ſhould all fayle you fir,
Should the States angers, the Dukes partiall ſen-
tence,

The peoples malice bandy to ſurprize
The treaſure of your life ; know you have friends
Would fixe the heads of halfe the Towne upon
Their Lances poynts, ere your leaſt drop of blood
Should be diminifhed.

Dor. Gentlemen, I thank you
For all your loves ; but know the ſhape of Death
Is not ſo ugly to me, but if juſtice
Contract me to the monſter, I ſhall court it
As 'twere ſome beauteous Bride ; and thank the Axe
That like the Prieſt, unites me to a Spouſe
That will not play the woman and revolt.
Come Gentlemen let's in, brave ſoules doe hate,
To be dejected by the force of Fate.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Chriftea, Eurione, Vitelli.

Chri. I Am very forry that his Fate has caſt
Such a diſaſtrous chance upon his Life :
But his deſert will blunt the edge of juſtice,
And mitigate the ſeverity, which would
Queſtion the ſafety of his Life.

Vit. Tis in your mercy
To daſh the Lawes proceedings, gracious Madam,
The Priviledge that our Country gives your Sexe,
Can hope for no imployment, that will rayſe
A greater Trophee to your fame, then this
To ranſome him, whoſe conſtancy and truth
Exceeds all boalt of Stories.

Eur. You'l redeeme
The opinion of your piety, which ſcandall,
Should you omit this juſt and righteous taſke,
Would blaſt with blackeſt infamy.

Chri. You plead
In your owne cauſe, not his, t'does not beſeem
My modeſty to interpoſe my ſelfe
In that which nought concernes me.

Vit. Is his life
Of ſuch a triviall value in your thoughts,
That you eſteem't not worthy your intreats,
To fav't from killing, ruine, ſacred love,

Thou miracle of Nature, and delight
 Of all who know humanity with some
 Religious arrow pierce her flinty breast,
 Some pious shaft, on whose subduing point
 Pitty and amorous softnesse gently fit,
 Reduce this straying Schismaticke to the first
 Unspotted purenesse of her constant faith,
 And we will pay a thousand clouds of sighes,
 As incense to thy Altars.

Eur. Offer up

Miriads of virgin vowes and with our teares
 Extinguish all irregular flames that taint
 Thy holy fires.

Vit. Oh Madam

What heart so barbarous, does not at loves
 smiles

Put off the native fiercenesse, beasts with beasts,
 Observe his lawes ; the Lyon whose big breath
 Affrights the trembling people of the woods,
 Were his hoarse accents to be understood,
 They would appeare to be affections groves.
 The Nightingale that on lascivious wings
 Flies from the poplar to the trembling Beech,
 And on each bough chaunts melancholy notes
 Had he a humane utterance, would proclaime
 Those pensive straines, the musicke of his love ;
 And can yee be lesse sensible of a power,
 That is so great, then creatures bard the use
 Of sacred reason, and discourse ?

Chri. This is to seeke to pacifie the sea
 With teares ; *Vitelli* you mistake, your friend
 Values not at so deere a rate his life,
 As to receive a being tributary
 To my unask'd entreats, besides I should
 Envy the states prerogative, whose mercy
 Is in remitting his unwilling fault,
 But a becomming thankfulnesse, and should
 Be censur'd, as too partiall to my owne
 Affection should I strive to be his wife,

Whose hand is purpled with the innocent blood
Of my late murdered kinfman.

Eur. This concernes
As neerely me as you, but by iust truth,
'Though I'me ingag'd by my particular choyce
To my *Vitelli*, were I fure the Generall
Would not contemne my offer, and so blast
My future fame, I would disclaime all tyes
Of former fancy; and implore his safety.

Vit. This is a sweetnesse
Which I cold wish you, what has begot
This strange desertion of your faith, true love,
Being once receiv'd into the soule converts
Into its very essence, does become
The same eternall substance, can you then
Teare from the tender Cabinet of your brest
Your very heart? this cruelty exceeds
The depth of tyranny; but rest assur'd,
If *Doria* suffer by your proud contempt,
I'me freed then from my promise, and will
fooner

Warne an empysoning *Scorpion* in my armes,
Then yeeld my meanest thought to you who are
By evident circumstance, though not by fact,
My friend the Generalls murtheresse.

Chri. This *Vitelli*
Is not a meanes to winne me to your friend,
But more avert me from him, it inflames
My minde with holier fire to Court your love;
There is an evident beauty in your soule,
Equall to truest honor, I will cherish
This bravery in you, if your masculine fancy
Engages you thus constant, to a friend,
You'l be a loyall husband, fare you well,
Be still thus noble, and be happy.

Exit.

Eur. My sister
Has lost all fence of pitty; deere *Vitelli*,
There is no wretchednesse oppressing earth

Equall to ours, love thus the Tyrant playes,
Afflicting innocence by unusuall waies.

Exeunt.

*Enter Doria as à prisoner, Lactantio, Adorni,
to them Trivulci, Senators, Officers,
and Attendants.*

Akor. Tis like your selfe my noble Lord, but
fee

The Duke apporoaching, let your soule expect
An equall hearing.

Offic. Beare backe, roome for the Duke and
Senate, what

Cuckold's that would have his Coxcombe broake?
beare backe there.

Triv. Cite in the prisoner.

Offic. Hee's here my Lord.

Tri. I'me sorry that

You for whose head the gratitude of the state
Decreed triumphant bayes should be enforc'd

To stand here a delinquent, but the law

Must as a streight and uncorrupted streame

Enjoy its usuall freedome, my Lords,

We are not met here to arraigne a prisoner,

Whose guilt does speake his sentence, but a
person

Not only most unblemish'd in his fame,

But one to whom our country owes its life :

Who with his dearest blood has balm'd the
wounds

Which mischiefes giant-off-springs, rayfing warre,

Cut in the bosome of the common-wealth.

Sen. We all confesse his worth.

Tri. Yet this brave youth,

This patron of our liberty, all his honours,

His blood and titles, his defensive bayes

(That would have guarded his victorious front
From blasts of lightning) laid aside, is come
To tender satisfaction to the lawes,
He has offended, and since judgement is
The immediate act of Justice, it must passe
To save impartiall censure on his life,
As on the wretched't malefactors ; for
His former merits cannot take away
His present fault ; for who ere is guilty
Vndoes the priviledge of his desert and blood ;
For if great men offending passe unpunish'd,
The common people who doe use to sinne,
By their example fearelesse, will runne on
Into licencious wickednesse.

Sen. Your grace delivers
The intension of the state, no oracle
Could have explain'd the meaning of our lawes
With more integrity.

Tri. Yet my good Lords,
I speake not this, that my particular vengeance,
Because he slew my kinsman, has the least
Ayme at his life, which I would strive to cherish
As my owne health, or-as the Cities peace,
For Magistrates ought to behold their crimes,
Not the committers, as the Poets faine
Of wise *Tyresias*, to want eyes, and only
Have seeing understanding, for a judge
Is guilty of the fault he does not punish,
And if rewards and triumphs doe adorne
Deserts tis just that shame and punishments
Should wait on vices, and how much more
worthy

The person is that acts them, so farre sharper
Should be the penalty inflicted on him.

Sen. And when the law
Vses its utmost rigor, tis the crime,
And not the man it sentences.

Tri. In.briefe We must
Decline his merit, and forget

Our gratitude, and since his hand is dipt
In civill blood, his life must' expiat what
His arme unfortunately committed.

Dor. My Lords,
The services which I have done the flate,
Were but my naturall duty, I atchiev'd 'em
To gaine me fame and glory, and you safety, and
Should esteeme them Traytors to honour, if their inter-
cession

Be a protection for my crimes, I meane not
To plead to save a dis-respected life,
Cause I feare death, a sea incompass'd rocke
Is not lesse timerous of the assaulding waves,
Then I of the grimme monster, but there is
A fame surviving which I would be loath,
Should tell posterity I tamely yeelded
My head to th' Axe, and dyed because my spirit
Durst not desire to live to quit this scandall,
I hope what I can urge in my defence
Shall have indifferent hearing.

Tri. Speake freely.

Dor. Know then my intention
Is not by excuse to extenuate my fact,
Which I confesse most horrid, and would pay
A thousand showers of sorrow, could this hand
Reedifie that goodly frame of flesh
Which it demolisht, but my pricelesse fame,
In whose deere cause I slew him, will to justice
Boldly proclaime, I did no more then what
The truth I owe my reputation tells me,
Was right in poynt of honour.

Tri. But the law
Does disallow it as unjust, and that
Must be your judge, and not that idle breath
Which you abusively terme honor.

Dor. Your lawes cannot without partiality pro-
nounce
Iudgement against me, for they doe acquit
That man of guilt that to defend his life

Is forc'd to slay his enemy ; my act
Carries the same condition, since my fame,
Whose safety urg'd me to kill him, is my life,
My immortall life, as farre transcending this
As the foule does the body, for the sword,
Returnes that to its primitive matter dust,
And there it rests forgotten, but a wound
Strucke upon reputation, leaves a brand,
So selfe diffusive is dishonors guilt,
Even to posterity, and does revive
After t' has sufferd martyrdome.

Sen. Yet this
Cannot excuse your fact, for civill reason
Allows a reparation for the losse
Of fame, but gives no man a lawfull licence
To snatch the priviledge from the hands of
justice,
Which would dispose it equally.

Dor. This strictnesse
Destroyes all right of manhood, since a coward
May fearefully relying on this sufferage
Of Law affront even valors selfe, consider
That the most cunning Pilot cannot steere
Mans brittle vessell 'twixt these dangerous Rocks
Of law and honor safely, sayle by this,
And on that suffer shipwracke, for suppose
I had with patience borne this scandalous
name

Of a degenerate coward, I not only
Had nip'd the budding valor of my youth,
As with a killing frost, but left a shame
Inherent to our family, disgrac'd
My noble fathers memory, defam'd
Nay cowarded my Ancestors, whose dust,
Would 'a broke through the Marbles, to re-
venge

To me this fatall infamy.

Ador. Well urg'd, and resolutely.

Dor. Nay more, your selves

That hate the deed being done, would have detested

The doer worfe had it not beene perform'd
 Withdrawne my chardge ith' army; as from one
 Protefted for a coward, I might then
 Have abjur'd the trade of warre, in which I have
 beene nurs'd,

Yet for preferving this unvalued jemme
 Of pretious honour that hangs on my foule,
 Like a well polifh'd Jewell in the eare,
 Of the exacteft beauty, muft I fuffer
 The laws fterne rigor.

Tri. Sir I fhould refute

With circumftance your wrong opinion, but in
 briefe,

Religious confcience, utterly difclaires
 An act fo barbarous to take man's life,
 Is to deftroy Heavens Image, and if thofe
 Are held as Traytors, and the law inflicts
 Severest tortures on them, who deface
 The ftamps of Princes in their coyne, can they
 Appeare, as guiltleffe whose rude hands difgrace
 The great Creators Image, and commit
 Treafon 'gainft awfull nature; Oh my Lord
 Collect your ferious temper, and put off
 The overweening fantasies of youth,
 Confider what a vaine deluding breath
 Is reputation, if compar'd with life,
 Thinke that an idle, or detracting word
 May by a faire fubmiffion (which our lawes
 Of honor doe require it will enforce)
 Be wafh'd away, but the red guilt of blood
 Sticks as a blacke infection to the foule,
 That like an *Æthiop* cannot be wafh'd white,
 Thinke upon this, and know I muft with griefe
 Pronounce your fatall fentence.—

A shout within. Enter Corimba and Frangipan.

Fran. Doe you heare Generall, Ile tell you newes,
you were in ieopardy to have had your little weafon
flit ; but I pronounce
The happy word, be fafe ; this peece of beauty
By my perfwasions does intend to take
The edge of law off, and become your wife,
True and infeparable.

Cor. With reverence to this prefence, my good
Lords,
Know that I come not urg'd by heate of youth.

Fran. Tis true Ile bear her witneffe.

Cor. Or any wanton or unchaft desire
To beg this gentleman for my husband, neither
To raife my felfe a fortune by the match,
But mov'd in charity, and provok'd in minde,
With pittie to behold a man fo proper,
Brought to an end untimely, by a death
So fcandalous to honour as the Axe,
I come to crave our priviledge, and defire him
For my moft lawfull husband.

Tri. Gentle mayd
You piety does prompt you to an a^ct
That fhall engage your country to erect .
A ftatue to your memory, though I could not
Diffpence with juftice, yet fince there's a meanes
Without the lawes infringement, to preferve him,
I doe rejoyce as much as if my fonne
Had fcap'd apparant danger : goe on and prosper
In your defigne.

Dor. Doe you thinke
Becaufe I pleaded for my honours life,
I doate fo much upon this idle breath,
As to preferv't with infamy, difpofe
This womanifh priviledge to fubmiffive flaves,

Know that I hate a being that depends
 Upon anothers bounty more then death,
 At which my soule does, like an Eagle stretch
 Its silver wings, and ore the monsters head
 Will make flight at heaven ; pray fir proceed
 To judgement suddenly, delay begets
 More tortors in me then your sentence.

Cor. What doe you meane fir, pray let me understand you
 Better, looke upon me, I am no woman to be
 flighted.

Fra. She's not asham'd to shew her face, marry
 her Uncle, that I may call you so.

Sen. To wed this figure, is a farre greater punishment
 then Death.

Ador. Nere stand on tearmes, but marry her, and
 free your selfe, and trust to me, you shall not want a
 mistresse has better colours in her face.

Dor. Corimba,
 I'me much engag'd to your officious haste,
 And pay you many thanks, conceive not that
 I doe contemne your person or dislike
 The meannesse of your match, for were your
 beauty
 Created for a miracle, and adorn'd
 With the addition of a fortune ampler,
 Then that perfection, I should crave a licence
 To tell your modesty I am prepar'd
 Rather for death then Nuptialls, and no strength
 Of prayers and beauty, shall have power to tempt
 me

From my fixt resolution.

Tri. This is madnesse
 Not courage *Doria.*

Cor. Sir I must tell you
 You know not how to use a woman rightly,
 Perhaps tis bashfulnesse, take courage fir,
 I have reserv'd my deere virginity
 This fifty yeares for such a pious purpose,

And should you flight me now, I should for-
fwear

Good purposes hereafter : gentlemen perswade him,
Sure he cannot chuse but melt

At your entreaties.

Tri. Will you then pull your ruine on ; that
feeks

Thus easily to flye from you ; Iustice calls

On me to give your sentence——new interruptions

*Recorders. Enter Vitelli, and Sabelli, as a Lady.
Virgins.*

It is the voyce of musicke, and presages

An Omen as harmonious as its notes,

Approach faire troops of Virgins, here's subject,

Fit for your maiden pity.

Cor. Tis time for mee to take my farewell, these
may bee beauties, perhaps my Lady may bee one,
adiew fir ; you may be offer'd worfe.

Ex. Cor. and Fran.

Sab. My honour'd Lord,

The charity I owe my native country,

That in the ruine of this brave young man,

Would suffer infinitely, has forc'd us strive

With earely zeale first to present our duties

For his redemption, 'mong ten thousand Virgins

That would attempt it, and my true affection

Has wonne this favour from my fellowes, that

To me they yield their interest, which I claime

As my desir'd prerogative.

Tri. Tis an act

The State will thanke you for ; unvaile your selfe,

That we may know to whom we owe our gratitude,

A most excellling beauty, such an eye
 Would tempt religious coldnesse to a flame,
 Thaw Ages chilly frost, at such a cheeke
 The Spring might take a patterne to create,
 A most accomplish'd freshnesse ; in her looks,
 Are modest signes of innocence, such as Saints
 Weare in their liveliest counterfeits : *Doria*, here
 A Lady begs you, whom if you refuse,
 The times would blacke you with the hatefull title
 Of your owne wilfull murther ; take her to you
 And live a fortunate husband.

Dor. Noble maid,

My misery is so extreame a sinne,
 It cannot meet your bounty without breach
 Of vows ; which should I violate, would pull
 Eternall torments on me ; keep your beauty
 For one whose foule, free as the ayre he breaths,
 Can yield a mutuall fancy to your flame,
 And not destroy his honour, for your goodnesse
 Since my expir'd date, cannot yield you thanks
 Worthy the boundlesse merit of your love,
 If there can be a gratitude after death
 Exprest by prayers, my foule in heaven shall
 pay it
 To your kind charity.

Sab. Oh my Lord,

I did expect this answer, my poore worth
 Cannot deserve your value ; yet there is
 A constant purity in my thoughts, that intend
 you

So much of Blisse, that had your safety no
 Dependance on my suit, it would be deem'd
 Most cruell to contemne me, I have lov'd you
 These many yeares ; wish'd you as many glories
 As I have number'd dayes, have vow'd I never
 Will marry any man, but your blest selfe my Lord,
 Should you neglect the justnesse of my request,
 Besides the danger waiting on your life,
 A thousand Virgins, whose unspotted prayers

Like hofts of guardian Angels, would have borne
You on their wings to heaven, will for my fake
Convert their zeale to curfes, and in teares
Of anguifh drowne your memory.

Vit. Why friend, this is
Such an o're-weening paffion, as does question
The foundneffe of your judgement, fills the world
With a conceit you dye ; becaufe your feares
Dare not accept of life : Besides your Miftris,
To whom you would fo ftrictly keepe your faith,
Does fo much fcorne your conftancy, that no
Entreats could move her pittie undertake
This honourable employment.

Tri. Doe it with speedy diligence.

Dor. Her caufelefse frailty
Shall more confirme my truth :
My Noble Lord pronounce
My happy fentence, 'twill be welcome to me
As charming harmony, and fwell my brest
With more than humane pleafure.

Enter Priest & Executioner.

Tri. Are you come ? approach,
Behold this Executioner, and this Priest,
This is to wed you to deftruftion, that
To this rich Mine of purity : your choyfe
May accept either : if you fixe on this,
Besides your owne redemption, you enjoy
A Lady, who may clayme as many hearts
As fhe has vertuous thoughts ; but leane to that,
Your Spring returnes unpittied, to the rude
Armes of perpetuall winter, that will freeze you
To a ne're melting Ificle, be fuddaine,
And wife in your election.

Dor. Tis but vaine :
A Saint may fooner be o're-come to fell
His native Piety : come thou grim man,

Thou art to me more lovely then the face of perfect Beauty : Do thy office, it will free me From these perplexities.

Sab. Well my Lord,
Since I'me unworthy to enjoy in life
Your faire society, my soule shall haſt
To waite on you to death, there is no bliſſe
Without your preſence, ſince you will not have
Mercy on your owne life, by your example
Ile be as harſh to mine, Ile goe
Before you to the other world,
And be your lov'd Ghoſts Harbenger.

Tri. Hold, hold the Lady——

Sab. Let no hand perfume
To feize me, for the meanest touch that ſhall
Endeavour to prevent my will
Shall urge my ſpeedier ruine : Good my Lord,
Shall I have answer ? I would fayne be going
On my long journey.

Dor. I'me confounded
In my imagination, I muſt yield,
You have enforc'd a benefit upon me, I
Can hardly thank you for, yet I will try
To love you as my wife ; that I were loſt
In Clouds of black forgetfulneſſe.

Tri. My Lord,
Your pardon's ſeal'd as ſoone as by the Prieſt
You are conjoyn'd in marriage : Ile not leave you
Till't be ſolemniz'd, Hymen light thy Pine,
Deaths tapers fade at the cleare flame of thine.

Excunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Trivulci, Doria, Sabelli, Adorni, Priest and Virgins.

Tri. **I**S the Priest prepar'd
For his Hymne after Nuptialls, and the
virgins

Ready to gratulate the Bride, and Bridegroom
With the appoynted dance ?

Aaor. The Priest I thinke
Has the song perfect, but it is a question
Among the wifest, whether in the City
There be seven Virgins to be found to furnish
The dance as't should be ; but you must accept them

Recorders.

With all their faults ; this musicke speaks their
enterance.

Enter Virgins.

Song.

T*Riumphe appeare, Hymen invites
Thee to wait upon this feast,
Mixe thy joyes with his delights,
'Tis the Generall is chiefe guest.*

The Ladies Priviledge.

*Bid the Drumme not leave to teach,
 The Souldiers fainting heart to beate,
 Nor warres loud musicke Canon cease,
 Breasts with deathfull fire to heate.
 Thy waving Ensignes in the aire display,
 The Generall lives, tis triumphes Holyday.*

*Come bright vertues that reside
 In heaven, as in your proper spheare,
 Though all contain'd in the faire bride,
 Chastity doe thou first appear,
 With Temperance and innocent grace,
 Rose-colour'd Modesty and truth,
 Dance harmlesse measures in this place,
 With health, and a perpetuall youth :
 And all your Virgin Trophies bring away,
 To grace these Nuptialls, Triumphs Holyday.*

A Dance.

Tri. You have our hearty thanks, and we shal
 study
 To give you faire requitall ; come my Lord
 Erect your drowie spirits, let your soule
 Dance ayry measures in your jocund breast ;
 This is a day on which each Bridegroom ought
 To weare no earth about him ; ayre and fire
 Are *Hymens* proper elements, your mirth
 Ought to infuse into your frolicke guests,
 An humour apt for revelling and sport :
 Your disposition is more dull, than if
 You were to be chiefe mourner at a Coarse
 For shame shake off this sadnesse.

Ador. It becomes you
 To say truth scurvily, I doe not like it,
 You looke as if y'ad lost some victorie,

Of which your hope had an assurance : Shall I tell
your Lordship
A very pleafant ftory ?

Enter Vitelli.

Dor. It muft be,
If it be delightfull to me, a difcourfe
Of fome quicke meanes to free me from this cruell
Oppreffive weight of flefh, which does entombe
My martyr'd foule, that like to fulphury fire
Hid in a Mountains entrayles, ftrives to burft
The prifon, and flye upwards, it muft needs
Be a fad wedding, when the Bridegroome weares
His Nuptiall livery on his eyes in teares.

Vit. Friend, this is
A paffion too effeminate for a heart
Endu'd with manly courage ; things paff helpe
Should be paff thought, your fadneffe cafts a Cloud
Upon the luftre of this Ladyes looks,
You make her dimme the brightneffe of her eyes
With unbecomming teares, if you continue
This ftrange diftraction.

Sab. Alas my Lord,
Let me participate your caufe of forrow,
And be a willing partner in your grieve,
Which like a violent Current that o're-flowes
The neighbouring fields and medowes in its rage,
Into two ftreames divided, fmoothly runnes,
Kiffing with calme lips the imprifoning banks,
Would, though too mighty for you, when my foule
Should vent a part of it, be milde, and paffe
Away without difturbance of your peace,
Which to procure I would even burft my heart
With fighes devoted to your quiet, and
Become a loving fountaine by my teares
Shed without intermiffion.

Dor. Gentle Lady,

I am at such an enmity with fate,
Makes me incapable of ought but grieve,
But I shall study to declare how much

Enter Eurione, Chriftea, Corim. Laët. & Bon.

I am indebted to your care—good heaven
Send downe some Angell to protect my heart,
Or my religion will scarce stay my hand,
For acting wilfull violence on my life,
I have suckt poyson from her eyes, that will
Like to juyce of Hemlocke drowne my soule
In a forgetfull Lethargy, or oppresse
My temperate faculties with madnesse.

Tri. Cosen y'are welcome, know this vertuous
Lady
Who has redeem'd the Generall.

Chri. Sir,
Ime come to gratulate your beauteous bride,
And wish you joyes immortall.

Sab. I hope Madam,
My innocence has gi'n you no offence,
That you refuse me, being a stranger to you,
The Ceremonious wishes, which pertaine
To new made Brides, and onely doe conferre them
Vpon my Lord.

Chri. Your happinesse already
Is so superlative, I cannot thinke
A new addition to it, you enjoy
The very summe of fortune in your match,
To such a noble and illustrious husband.
I can no longer hold my passion in,
These walls of flesh
Are not of strength sufficient to containe
My big swolne heart: My Lords behold a creature
So infinitely wretched, I deserve not
The meanest shew of pittie, who have, like

A filly merchant, trifled away a jemme,
The darling of the quarry, lost a love
By my too foolish nicenesse, to regaine
Whose forfeiture I would lay downe my life :
But he is gone for ever, and I left
A pittious spectacle for the reproach
And scome of wiser women.

Eur. Is this possible ?
Was all her passion to *Vitelli* feign'd ?
My hopes recover life agen.

Tri. Why *Chrissea*,
Whence springs this passionate fury ?

Chri. Oh my Lord,
When you shall heare it, you will sigh for me,
And shed a charitable teare, at thought
Of my unkinde difaster : fir my Justice
Cannot accuse your constancy, which stood
In the first tryall of your love, as fast
And spotlesse as an Alabaster rocke,
That had it but persisted in that height
Of honourable loyalty, your glory
Had been advanc'd to heaven, as the fix't starre,
To guid all lovers through the rough
Seas of affection.

Vit. This taxation
Cannot be just from you, who did enforce
The sad revolt upon him.

Dor. Is there in heaven
No friendly boul't left that will strike this frame
Into the center, and set free a wretch
(So overgrowne with misery) from life,
That death would be a comfort above health,
Or any worldly blessing, may time blot
My name out of his Booke, that such a Prodigy
May not affright succeffion, nor sticke
Like an orespreading Leprosie upon
The beautious face of manhood.

Chri. Oh my Lord,

Each grieve of which y'are sensible, is mine,
 And not your torment, every sigh you breath
 Is an afflicting motion, expir'd
 By my vext spirit, and if you could weepe,
 Each drop would be my blood, who am the spring
 Of the whole flood of sorrow; oh forgive
 The too exceeding honor of my love,
 I would have had you for your perfect truth
 So glorious; your loyalty should not
 For preservation of your fame, have needed
 To adopt a statue for its heire, or builded
 A monumentall pyramid, but love
 Is oftentimes loves undoing.

Tri. This is such
 A cunning labyrinth of sorrow, that
 No clew can lead them out of.

Dor. It would be
 A great affront to misery, should there live
 A person halfe so wretched to out-dare
 The strength of my affliction, me thinks
 I me like some aged mountaine that has stood
 In the seas watry bosome, thousand flocks
 Of threatning tempests, yet by th' flattering waves,
 That cling and curle about his stony limbes,
 Is undermin'd and ruind, I have scap'd
 Warres killing dangers, and by peacefull love,
 Suffer a strange subversion, Oh *Chrisea*,
 While I have reason left that can distinguish
 Things with a coole and undistracted fence,
 Let's argue mildly the unhappy cause
 Of our undoings.

Eur. Truly sister,
 'Twas a suspicious rashnesse, I could wish
 You never had attempted.

Chri. My Lord,
 Humane condition alwaies censures things
 By their event, my aimes have had succeffe
 So strangely haplesse, that will blast the truth
 Of their intentions purity, I never

Harbor'd the leaft fufpicion of your faith,
Which I did ftrove to perfect, by the test,
As richeft gold refine, and purg'd from drosse
Of other bafier metals, and besides
The triall of your constancy, I meant
To found *Vitellies* depth ; upon whose love
My sister doted, so that I was loath
To see her cast the treasure of her heart
Upon a stranger, of whose constancy
She had too small assurance.

Tri. Gentle Cofen,
Your good intents encounter'd bad successe,
But I admire, since you must needs have notice
Of his difaster, that the law would passe
Upon his life, you did not to prevent
All other virgin intercessors haste
To pay the early tribute of your love.

Chri. My wretched fate
With a too quicke prevention has orethrowne
The justnesse of my purpose, I relyed
So much upon his noblenesse, I thought
The ugly horror of a thousand deaths
Could not have mov'd his temper, and besides,
Knowing his mighty courage, I permitted
The law proceed upon him, that hereafter
He might be sure no merit can appease
Offended justice, otherwise I could
Easily have stop'd this mischief.

Enter Bonivet.

Tri. How *Chrifea* ? I understand you not.

Chri. Lady, to quit all scruple that I doe not
wish

Yours and your Lords succeeding happinesse, Ile
offer

Something as an oblation that shall adde
Peace to your nuptiall garland (see my Lord)

My Cofen *Bonivet* lives.

Tri. Lives? *Lactantio* did not you informe us
That he was dead, and you had caus'd his body
To be prepar'd for funerall? which occasioned
The Generalls suddaine tryall, becaufe our custome
Does not permit the corpes to be entomb'd,
Before the murderer have his sentence, fir you shall
know

What tis to mocke the state thus.

Lact. Good my Lord
Heare but my just excuse, I am so much
The faire *Chriseas* beauty's by such ties
Oblig'd to serve her, that I choose to hazzard
The anger of the state ere her displeasure,
And doe submit me to your gracious censure.

Chri. I must confirm't,
Sir it was I who caus'd him to concale
My Cofen *Bonivet*, for the causes which
I did declare before, and now my selfe
Having receiv'd a satisfying prooffe
Of his affection, came resolv'd to cleare
These misty errors, but my cruell fate
Has like a suddaine storme which has beate downe
A goodly field of standing Corne even ripe
For the laborious sickle, crush'd my hopes
In one sad minute into nothing.

Sab. My Lord I owe
Such an obedient duty to your peace,
That though my heart does wish to waite on yours
For ever; since I see betwixt this Lady
And you such firme apparences of love,
If the law please to allow it, I resigne
My interest to her and be fortunate
To see you two live happy.

Vit. Since the marriage
Has not arriv'd to consummating act,
I doe beleeeve this may be done.

Tri. Doe not delude
Your favour with vaine hopes, the law cannot

Dispenſe with the ſtrict Cannon, tis impoſſible
You ſhould be ſeparated.

Dor. This happineſſe
Was too extreameſly good to be confirm'd
To ſuch a wretch as I am : I am like
One that did dreame of a huge maſſe of wealth,
And catching at it, graſp'd the fleeting ayre,
And waking grieves at the deluſion.

Sab. Sir
Reſume your antient quiet, the formall lawe
Shall not oppoſe your peace, Ile diſanull
The marriage eaſily, and moſt noble Lord
Pardon your humble ſervant.

Dor. Sure this is
Some apparition to confirme my faith,
Speake, art thou my *Sabelli*.

Vit. Yes tis he,
Fate would not ſuffer two ſuch noble ſoules
To be ſo diſunitd, gentle boy,
Thy duty to thy Maſter will continue,
Thy name in ſtory, as the great example
Of loyalty in ſervants.

Sab. 'Twas the zeale
I ought in duty to my Maſters life,
Hath put me on the attempt, which if he pardon,
I'me fully ſatiſfied.

Dor. My joyes
Does with a ſuddain extaſie oppreſſe
My fraile mortality, and I ſhould ſinke,
Wert not for my ſupporters, my *Sabelli*,
Thou haſt reſtor'd two lovers to their bliſſe,
Whoſe gratitude ſhall pay to thy deſert
The tribute of their hearts : Deare Madam, now
I hope your ſcrupulous doubts will remaine free
From any new ſuſpition.

Chri. Since I have ſcap'd the danger paſt, be-
leeve ile avoyd
The like hereafter ; my Lord pleaſe you confirme
My choiſe ; and let my ſiſter be diſpos'd
To good *Vitelli*, he deſerves her.

Tri. Your wishes are fulfilled, Cosen *Bonivet* welcome to life

Agen ; you and the Generall must be friends.

Dor. Your goodnesse will pardon my misfortune ?

Bon. And desire to be esteem'd your servant.

Enter Frangipan.

Fran. With your leave gentlemen : Madam I have such newes to tell you, as will tickle your understanding, to beleieve the Generall is married ; and more, Signior *Doria*, Lord *Bonivet* lives ; That's lucky newes for you.

Dor. He's here, good Signior *Frangipan*.

Fran. My newes has ever the worst lucke ; I must resolve to leave it off.

Ador. But fir I have some suddaine newes to tell you :

The thousand Ducats you contracted to pay me,
When you could understand the French as perfectly
As my selfe ; by all these Lords indifferent judgement is

Due on this very minute.

Fran. This is newes indeed ; you do not mean to make a gul of me, a figo for a thousand Ducats : as I am a gentleman I know not French for any thing, not for an Affe : good your grace let mee not be abus'd.

Cor. 'Twas I my Lord who made the bargain with him,

The mony is not due untill my Cozen
Have French as perfect as himselfe.

Dor. He has, ile beare him witnesse ; for *Adorni*
Speakes not one true French word.

Fran. How not one true French Word ?

Ador. No not a word, you must disburse.

Fran. Tutor, ile tell you newes,
You made a foole of mee,
I could abuse him horribly,

If I durst for feare of beating.

Ador. My Lord
If he will undertake warres,
Ile quit my bargayne.

Fran. Ile pay it tribble first, the name of warre
Has brought an age on me.

Iri. You two agree that : Cozens I rejoyce
To see this happy period of your loves.
Let's backe unto the Temple, that the Priest
May by his sacred power unite your hearts.
Lead to the Temple.

Exeunt.



The Epilogue.

Frangipan.

Gentlemen, Ile tell you Newes, the Play is done,
And he that writ it betwixt hope and Feare
Stands pensive in the Tying-house to heare
Your Censures of his Play : Good Gentlemen
Let it be kind, or otherwise his Pen
Will write but dully, for he needs must lacke
If you dispraysè't the quickning Spirit of Sacke
To inflame his Genius, which you'le ever find
Devoted to you, if your Votes be kind.

FINIS.



P O E M S

[Published 1639]

POËMS,

BY

HENRY GLAPTHORN.

*Sustineamque Comam metuentem frigora Myrtum,
Atque ita follicito multus Amante legar.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Richard Bishop*, for *Daniel Pakeman*; and
are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Rain-bow*,
neer the Inner Temple Gate.

1639.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JEROME, Earle of
PORTLAND.

My Lord,

D*edications, from some Writers are
meere Customes ; from others Com-
plements ; but from mee neither :
my Muse being yet too young to be autho-
rized by Custome, to intrude upon a Patron,
(this being the earliest flight of her ambition :)
and my Reason too old to suffer mee to be
guilty of Complement to one so furnished
with all Reality and Worth as is your
Lordship. My motive, Sir, to this audacious
errour is only the pretence of my respective
dutie ; and for that cause, will (I hope)*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*merit an indulgent pardon. What you shall
here find set down, were the Maiden-Studies
of a Muse, which aspires to no other Fame
than your allowance: nor can my selfe
atchieve a greater quiet to my soule, nor ayme
a higher glorie, than to see my selfe by your
free acceptance of this triviall Sacrifice
rank'd amongst'*

*The humblest honourers of
your Name and Family:*

HENRY GLAPTHORNE.



Vpon the Duke of York his
Birth-night at Richmond.

To the PRINCE, and the rest of his
MAIESTIES Children.



care

Blessings furround this *Presence*: To begin
Our votes to You without a praier, were
fin
'Gainst our religious loyalty: could our

And zeal transform our very souls to praier;
'Twere a just tribute due to You, who are
The best of Princes; each of You a Starre
That gilds our Brittish Orb with rayes more bright
Than was in Paradife the worlds first light.
Hark! whence this suddain harmony! the Spheares
Strive to divulge their duties; there appears
A generall joy in Heav'n; this night has hurld,
In stead of darknesse, gladnesse ore the world;
Has calm'd the sea, on which the Tritons play,
And Syrens sing, for joy; not to betray.
But why this triumph? 'Twas because this night,
Sweet Prince, Your Birth did beautifie the light;

Adjudge a second Columnne to sustaine
The glorious building of your Fathers raigne,
To be our second Hope, the cause that we
Doe pay our vowes to this Solemnitie,
In wishes, which a Mother might besit,
Or a full Lover in his zeal of wit.

*May all Your lives be one continued Youth,
Attended on by health, mirth, beautie, truth.
May You live free from dangers, nay from fears,
And grow in graces as You do in years ;
Shoot up like infant-Cedars, straight and even,
Till Your brave Heads aspire to neighbour Heaven ;
While wee, with a most humble flame inspir'd,
Live to behold Your worth, and to admirè't.*





Entertainment to the *Prince Elector*
at Mr. *Osbalston's*.

Protect me my best Stars ! A suddain fear
Seizes my faculties ; there's something here
Surely includes divinely now I see
A power inferiour scarce to Majestie ;
Claimes my Prerogative ; which, since to You,
To Whom the place is consecrate by vow,
I do resign with freedome ; blest Delight
For this shall change her Tempe, and invite
The jocund Graces hither, to erect
Their Pallace here, Mirth being th' Architect :
Favonian winds shall with as mild a breath
As is expir'd by spotlesse babes in death,
Here one continued summer still display,
Making this seem a new *Arabia*.
But whence assume I this Prophetick rage ?
Rapt with whose sacred furie, I presage
This happy Omen ? 'Tis your smiles inspire
(Gracious and Noble) with Ætheriall fire
My frosty soule (so as Promethian heat
Gave the cold clay warmth, masculine and great).
Thus for my selfe. The places Genius now
For your Inviter, who by me does vow
His heart your humble Sacrifice ; since Heaven

Accepts a graine of Incense, that is given
With a true zeale, better than pounds of Gumms,
Or Alters smoking with fat Hecatombs
From fain'd Devotion : He does hope Your eyes
Will dart a beame to fire his Sacrifice ;
Whose quickning lustre, like the Sun may bring
Upon the place and him, a constant Spring.





To *Lucinda*, upon the first sight
of her Beautie.

ENCountring her, I thought the morning Star
Had left the *Nabatheans*, till on her
My wondring eyes with a more perfect sight
Gazing, beheld, that *Venus* was but bright,
Shee glorious. To venture to compare
Her cheeks to Lillies, Sun-beams to her hair,
Were to allow her mortall : far from me
Be so much sin 'gainst beauties Deitie.
Tell the wild Indian that with prostrate brest
Adores the Sun-rise in the gorgeous East,
His labour's lost ; tis needlesse any more
To fish for Pearle or Diamond on their shore :
Nor Pearls, nor Diamonds, Rubies, or the rest
Of Metaphors, by which are oft exprest
Our common beauties, nere can hope to be
Grac'd, by being us'd as an Hyperbolie
In her delineation. 'Twas the light
Of her bright eyes depriv'd mine of the sight
They once enjoy'd : those fools who sought to make
A Star of *Berenices* haire, might take
Hers for a Planet, fix it, and ne're fear
To dazzle Phœbus lustre in the sphear.



Lucinda describ'd.

There's not an eye that views *Lucinda's* face,
 But wondring at the perfect grace
 That does within that modell rest,
 Esteems her most transcendently above
 The power of Fancie, Art, or Love,
 Truly to be exprest.

To say each golden tresse that does adorne
 Her glorious Forehead might bee worne
 By *Iuno* or by beauties Queene,
 Were to prophane her sacred threds; for they
 Could not such precious Locks display
 On the *Idalian* Greene.

They are then gorgeous ornaments, and bee
 The upper branches of that tree
 Which easily does men intice,
 Beleeving it the tree of life, to say
 That they have found a ready way
 To th' long lost Paradise.

Her Iv'rie Forehead curious Nature hath
 Created for the milkie path;
 By which the covetous gazers seek
 To find a passage by her tempting eyes
 Without their foules intire surprize
 To th' Apples in her cheek.

Those suns of brightnesse which so farre out-shine
Humanitie, that their divine

Lustre perfwades us, 'tis no sin
To think each as a Seraphin does stand
To guard that blest forbidden Land,
And the faire fruit within.

Of which her lips like fwelling Grapes appeare,
The sweetest children of the yeare,
In Natures crimson liv'rie drest,
And by her balmie breath, to ripenesse brought
They smile, then blush, as if they fought
Strait softly to be prest.

Then (as two full Pomegranates) lower growes
Her breasts ; such wouders fure as those
Will force nice mis-beliefe to know
That miracles as yet unceas'd remaine,
Since there doth flourish in each veine
Violets on stalks of Snow.

But these (though true descriptions) are so farr
Beneath her worth, I have a Warr
Within my pensive soule, to see
So many wondrous rare Perfections dwell
In one, yet find no Parallell
In spacious Poetrie.



To *Lucinda* departing.

O H ! stay *Lucinda*, and let flie
 A thousand loves from thy bright eye,
 By which inspir'd I will expresse
 Thy beauties, my faire Shepheardesse.

Thy Cheek, loves Tempe, where does grow
 Warme Roses in soft beds of Snow.
 This wonder (Dearest) is to tell
 The world, th' art Beauties miracle.

The envious Panther, at thy breath,
 Excelling his, does sigh to death ;
 And at the lustre of thine eye
 Stars wink, are buried in the Skie.

The amorous Thorne (that does intwine
 In pricklie armes the Eglantine,)
 When thou thy brightnesse dost display,
 Blossomes, and makes even Winter May.

The wanton Syrens that beguile
 With flatt'ring accents, at thy smile
 Chaunt layes as harmlesse as the Dove,
 Or Red-breſt when ſhe courts her Love.

But all theſe glories could not fire
 My froſtie ſoule with big deſire ;
 The Cauſe that made *Lucinda* mine
 Could not be humane, ſhee's divine.



To *Lucinda* weeping.

WEEP not *Lucindæ*, 'lesse you meane
 To purge the world from filth, as cleane
 As are your thoughts ; too rich a prize
 For earth, is such a sacrifice.

Such tears as yours, suppose young May
 Does to the flowers each morning pay.
 Such tears must fure all eyes intice
 To think your Eyes Loves Paradise.

Oh ! they have emptied Natures Store,
 Made Snow, and emulous Chrystall poore :
 Your tears may justly claim pretence
 To be the balme of Innocence.

But least such Gemmes should be confin'd
 To earth ; behold the amorous wind
 Catching them, fixes every one
 In heaven, a Constellation.

But since (my dearest) thou wilt weep,
 Thy tears for holier uses keep ;
 When plagues upon the earth are hurld,
 Let fall one drop, 'twill save the world.



To *Lucinda*. A New-years Gift.

DRAW that black vail, (my fair one) do not throwd
 Those eyes in filken mists, or in a cloud
 Of waving Curle : be mercifull, appear
 Like thy bright self, and bring the infant Year
 Into the world ; old Time her Mother's run
 Into so dull a Lethargie ; the Sun
 Is frozen in his couch, and cannot rise
 Til thaw'd by th' temp'rate vertue of thine eies,
 Those soft and gentle Stars, whose pure and clear
 Rayes, from the Chaos would have forc'd the year.
 Up then, Illustrious Beautie, gild the day ;
 Change Januarie into youthfull May.
 See the cold earth does Winters liv'rie shift,
 Off'ring the fresh Spring as your New-years Gift ;
 While the pale Couflip does the Primrose call
 To wait on You at this new Festivall,
 Created by your beams : the Winds invite
 The nimble winged messengers of light,
 The early Lark, and chirping Thrush to tune
 Their notes as chearfully, as when in June
 They softly whisper to the azure skie
 Of a clear day, a beauteous Augurie.
 How trivial is a Poets force ! I can
 Teach birds t'admire you, the rich Ocean
 Tender its mines of Pearl, the Earth salute
 Thee with its choifest metals, flowrs and fruit.
 Impose a tribute on the Sun, force Stars
 T'adore you more than erring Mariners
 Do them in Tempests. But when I impart

An off'ring on the Alter of my heart
To thy commanding Deity, I can pay
Nought but a wreath of Mirtle or of Bay,
A Poets humble sacrifice ; unlesse
My wishes (which realitie expresse,
Though unperform'd) may guiltlesly aspire
To die the Martyrs of your sacred fire.
May all the happinesse Heav'n can conferre
Be acted on your lives faire Theater :
May you be chaste as beautifull ; mischance
Never disturbe your peace, not in a trance :
May you live long, and healthfull : may no page
Of your lives volume, have a line for Age
To write his gastly name in ; but when Time
Grows old and sickly on you, and does clime
With eager feet, your hill of youth, may all
His steps be slip'rie, may he backward fall
Beyond his fates recoverie, till hee bring
Your fading minutes back into the spring
Of strength and beauty, 'till your cheek does wear
The same bright lustre that adorns this year.

Which I doe wish the power of gentle Fate
May to my Love and yours make fortunate.



To Sleep, upon *Lucinda*
layd to rest.

Hence ugly Image of grim death ; how dare
Thy sawcie boldnesse venture on this faire
Epitome of heaven ? Dost think that shee
Participâtes of fraile mortalitie
In such a drowfie passion ? (Foole) go stretch
Thy remisse wings ore some poore aguish wretch,
Some with'red Hag, whom for her youths loose sin,
Just heaven has destin'd to be kept within
The prison of her bed ; from her be gone :
The light can suffer no privation.
Wert thou not stupid, deafe ? didst thou not heare
When shee enrich'd her pillow, how each Spheare
Striv'd to expresse its dutie, which should bee
Prime Quirister, in whistling harmonie
To th' Citizens in Heaven, who at that call
Invited Saints to chant a Madrigall
Devoted to her silent rest ? The Ayre
Grew clear and pleasing, every cloud so fayre ;
Heav'ns forehead wore no wrinkles, violent floods
Kiss'd the smooth pebles, and the woods
With their Inhabitants conjoyn'd in this,
T' afford her senses a sweet Exstasis.
Didst thou not see how every glorious Star
With their pale Mistris Moon, to wait on her,
Officiously contracted their dim light
To Tapers, that at opening of her sight
They might new gild their Rayes. The Indian which

Had nere been poor, had he not first been rich,
Dives for unvalued Pearle, and fears to rise
Till he can borrow lustre from her Eyes
To polish his dull Merchandize. Oh thee!
The Abstract of all which wild Poetrie
In its loose raptures taught, wherein her rest
Invites the Winds (as when the Phoenix nest
Is by their flavour fir'd) to mix their breaths
With hers, so precious, that (abortive Death's
First child) dull Sleep, like to the Nightman, must
By stealth enjoy it: see the parched Dust
Turns to *Affyrian* odors, and does skip
Like an enamor'd Fairie to her Lip,
Where *Venus* Roses grow. Rest safe, my Sweet,
Till Sylvans wake, and till the Muses greet
Thee with their choicest harmonie; till night
Acknowledge all that it enjoyes of light,
To thee the Queen of Splendor, whose bright Rayes
Renewes in mee, the more than Halcion dayes
Love in its Primitive purenesse wore. Then rise,
And let mine draw new Influence from thine Eyes.



To *Lucinda* : inviting her from
her Chamber.

What means this absence (fair One) ? What sad
doom

Impose you on your self, that one poor Room
Includes your glorious Beautie ? Is the Ayr
Lesse wholesome here, the Skie lesse clear, lesse fair ?
Or to enrich that, have you tane a pride
Meaning t' improv'rish all the Rooms beside ?
The little Birds that by the Window flie
Wanting your presence, straight fall down and die :
And I, who easly could have fixt your Name
A Planet in the Firmament of Fame ;
Who could have drest your head with Lightning, and
Hung at each Hair a Starrie Diamond ;
Who could have sent the cunning Boy to seek
His last lost Arrow in your polish'd Cheek ;
Who could have rais'd a Mount upon your Lip,
On which (like Fairies) all the Loves should trip,
And added to your Breath such a perfume,
As ever spending, never should consume :
Who could have fetcht the Indies (both) to deck
This well-form'd Iv'rie Pallace of your Neck ;
And like a cunning Painter, have exprest
The Worlds perfections in your Globe-like Brest :
Praising each Feature so, till every part
Appear your Face, and Conquer'd every heart.
I for a wreath of Willow cast away
My flowry Chaplet of the greener Bay :

Dipping my Pen in tears, what ere it be
That I would write, it proves an Elegie.
You must expell this Sadnesse : You, whose light
Eclipses that pale Virgin of the Night,
The solitary Moon, whose every Ray
Transcends the clearest lustre of the Day :
You in whose eyes sit flames, which can beget
Themselves a living Spheer in every Wit :
You that are All Women can be, and more
Than Youth and Beauty ere disclos'd before :
Who doe resemble Heav'n so neer, You'd want
Onely the Name (not Nature) of a Saint.
You with a smile, can like the West-wind bring
An unexpected Summer on the Spring ;
And with one Beame, or comfortable Glance
Rauish my soule into so high a trance,
That Your bright Head shall hit the Stars, and flie
To Heaven o' th' swift wings of my Poesie :
While I, with equall feare and hope possesst,
Tender my Heart your Sacrifice, and rest

Your Servant.



To *Lucinda*. He being in Prison.

REceive these lines from your imprison'd Friend,
 As the last Farewell which his hand must
 send
 To greet your Eyes from which mine borrow'd
 light
 To guide my wandring Fancie to the fight
 Of Mortals wonder, in your Effence : Love
 First darted Raies from those bright Stars to move
 Me to admire your Beautie : But agen
 To make old Nature proud, as when my Pen
 Flowd with mellifluous Epithites, to show
 The glorious shape thee fully did bestow
 On your unequal'd Frame. To say your haire
 Are nets of Gold, whose Tramels might insnare
 The King of gods ; or that your Iv'rie breasts
 Are Balls of Camphire, sweeter than the nests
 Where the *Arabian* Phenix does desire
 To burne her selfe ; (as I have done, in fire
 More precious than her Funerall flames) would add
 New griefs, so powerfull as would force mee mad
 (Were I of stronger temper). Since I've lost
 Those rarities bought with the pricelesse Cost
 Of my unvalued Libertie : which now
 I must forgoe for ever ; from the Vow
 You made before the Hierarchie of Heaven
 (Which now I summon witneses how even
 My Love has been) I free you ; If you heare
 That wilfully I perish'd, one poor teare

(I aske no more) shed, and my Soule, when Death
Has robd my carcasfe of its loathed breath,
Shall pray, that you hereafter may possesse
A Friend that lov'd your Memorie no lesse
Than I, who spight of Fortune will be blest
That once I was term'd Yours ; though now I rest
Forfaken.——





To *Lucinda*, revolted from him.

TWas I who made thee Beauteous before ;
 You might have fate regardleſſe at your dore,
 Or paſt the Streets (as other Women doe)
 Without ſalutes, or being congee'd to :
 When now each eye that ſees thee, does admire
 To view a mortall Creature to aſpire
 So neer the Heav'nly Eſſence ; every tongue
 (Since I ſet out thy Excellence among
 Men of ingenuous Spirits) ſtrives to raiſe
 Thy Name beyond the name of Praise.
 Nature did well (I muſt confeſſe) to frame
 Thee of her choiſeſt Matter ; for the ſame
 You ſtand indebted to her, and 'tis fit
 You ſhould acknowledge thankfulneſſe for it.
 The Orient Pearl new taken from the ſhell
 Though 't be as precious in it ſelf, to ſell,
 Cannot ſo fitting and commodious bee
 As when 'tis poliſhd by a Lapidarie.
 The glistening Diamond ſhines not to the ſight
 Till by the Mill and Cutter 'tis made bright ;
 You had as much implicate Beautie (true)
 As now you have, when firſt I did you view ;
 But like a Diamond clouded ore with Droſſe,
 It gave ſmall luſtre, cauſe unknown it was :
 I poliſh'd it by giving it a Name ;
 Beautie's regardleſſe, till adorn'd by Fame.
 But Oh the Faith of Women ! Can there be
 Evations found for ſuch Apoſtacie

As is in you? what Penance can abridge
 Such an Impietie, such dire Sacriledge
 'Gainst Love's imperiall Godhead, to resist,
 Contemn his Orgies, which by me his Priest
 He did enjoyn, by his own powerfull Name
 You should observe with a religious Flame?
 And you had vow'd to do it, swore that I
 Should offer up to his great Deitie
 Your heart; which Love himself would not despise
 (But beg for such a welcome Sacrifice,
 More precious than the sweet *Panchayan* Gumms,
 The Phoenix Pile, or fuming Hecatombs).
 But as a vapour which the flatt'ring Sun
 Attracts to th' pure Ayrs middle Region,
 Under pretence to give a new Starre birth,
 And throwes a fading Meteor to the Earth;
 So fell your Heart from Love's unspotted Throne
 By your intemp'rate violation
 Of Vows to me; in which if you persist,
 Mercie will blot you from her candid List,
 As a prodigious Monster, and firme Truth
 Blush at a perjurie so black in Youth,
 So white as yours: at which the Rose-cheek'd Morne
 Might once have borrow'd lustre, and unshorne
 Apollo brightnesse: Oh! why should there rest
 Such falshood, such unkindnesse in a Brest
 Whose superficiall figure does outgoe
 In whitnesse Lillies, or untrodden Snow?
 Ingratefull Woman! what unborne offence
 Can give a specious Shadow, a Pretence
 To thy unhallow'd falshood? what strange Cause
 Thy suddain change, this alteration drawes?
 Perhaps now I have set thy Beautie forth,
 With all the Attributes expressing Worth,
 That when I did but speak of thee, or write
 Fancie and Love daunc'd in each Epithite.
 Some other Suitor, who to please your eares,
 Purchases Raptures, which his dull brain bears
 As Parrots what is taught them, who can speak

But by tradition has surpriz'd your weak
Imagination ; and does proudly boast
In gaining that which me most labour cost.
Or else perhaps your over-curious eye
Has spy'd some new unknown deformitie
In me ; or 't may be possible you think
(Which is most likely) that the Muses drink
Is quite exhausted ; that my wearie Quill
Wants moisture to explain your Praises still,
In that full way, that over-liberall strain
My Genius us'd at first your Love to gain.
If this be it, I'll fill the *Daphnean* Quire
With a fresh Chaunter, snatch bright *Phæbus* Lyre
From his swift Fingers, and once more rehearse
Thy worth in such a strange mellifluous Verse,
That sweet *Propertius* shall his *Cynthia* tell
Thy Praises do her Lustre far excell ;
Gabius shall weep that his *Lycoris* name
Is now surpass'd by thy immortall Fame :
And (my great Master) *Ovid* shall confesse
Corynna's shining Beautie to be lesse
Than thine : since he, for his *Corynna's* sake
Did only three Books of Loves choice Art make ;
But I for thine will such Conceits devise,
That after no Invention shall arise.
Yeeld then, and let us ryot in the Sweets
That in Youth, Love, and glorious Beauty meets ;
That all the gods may envie to behold
Us over-doe their Fables : *Danae's* Gold
Be counted Droffe, and *Læda's* Swan appear
Black as a Crow, when whiter Thou art there.
First shall my Lips with an unvalued Kisse
Suck from (those fragrant Mountainets of blisse)
Thy melting Lips, more sweetnesse than the Bees
Extract from Roses, or *Hyblaean* Trees,
When to the Ayr their tender wings they yeeld,
And with their mouths depopulate the field.
And then descending to thy Iv'rie Neck
My wandring Fancie shall my dull Lips check,

That they ore-flipt thy Cheek ; thence they shall flye
With hot propension to thy flaming Eye ;
Thence to that smooth, that polish'd plain of Snow,
On which thy Brefts (those Hills of wonder) grow,
Where little Cupids daunce, and do contend
Which of them first shall venture to descend
To the Elifian Vallies, that doe lie
'Twixt them and their rich Mine of puritie,
Thy slender Waste. What does remain below,
'Tis fit that none but you and I should know,
When like a vent'rous well resolved man
I sail through your unfathom'd Ocean
To Loves safe Harbour ; I'm too modest (Sweet)
With wide expressions of our Loves to greet
Thy willing eares, since I for my part meane
In Action, not in Words to be obsoene.





V Nclose those Eye-lids, and out-shine
 The brightnesse of the breaking day ;
 The light they cover is divine,
 Why should it fade so soone away ?
 Stars vanish so, and day appeares,
 The Sun's so drown'd i' th' morning's teares.

Oh ! let not sadnesse cloud this Beautie,
 Which if you lose you'll nere recover ;
 It is not Love's, but Sorrowes dutie
 To die so soon for a dead Lover.
 Banish, oh ! banish grieve, and then
 Our Joyes will bring our Hopes agen.





Epithalamium.

THE Joyes of Youth, and what the Spring
 Of Health, Strength, Happinefs can bring,
 Wait upon this Noble paire.
 Lady, may you still be faire
 As earlieft Light, and 'ftil enjoy
 Beauty which Age cannot deftroy.

May you bee fruitfull as the Day ;
 Never Sigh but when you Pray ;
 Know no Grief, but what may bee
 To temper your Felicitie.

And You my Lord, may trueft Fame
 Still attend on your great Name.
 Live both of you espouf'd to Peace,
 And with your years, let Love increafe.
 Goe late to Heav'n, but comming thither,
 Shine there, two glorious Starres together.



Epithalamium.

THE holy Priest had joynd their Hands, and now
 Night grew propitious to their bridall Vow ;
 Majestick *Iuno*, and young *Hymen* flies
 To light their Pines at the fair Virgins eyes ;
 The little Graces amorously did skip
 With the small *Cupids* from each Lip to Lip ;
Venus her self was present, and untide
 Her Virgin Zone, when loe on either side
 Stood as her Hand-maids, Chastitie and Truth,
 With that immaculate guider of her Youth,
 Rose-colour'd Modestie ; these did undresse
 The beauteous Maid, who now in readinesse,
 The nuptiall Tapors waving 'bout her Head,
 Made poor her Garments and enrich'd her Bed.

While the fresh Bridegroome, like the lusty Spring,
 Did to the holy Bride-bed with him bring
 Attending masc'line Vertues ; down he laid
 His snowie Limbs by a far whiter Maid.
 There Kiffes link'd their Minds ; as they imbrace,
 A Quire of Angels flew about the place,
 Singing all Blisse unto this Pair for ever,
 May they in Love and Union still persever.



Upon a Gentleman playing
on the Lute.

Strange miracle ! Who's this that wears
The native Liv'rie of the Sphears ;
Transforming all our sense to Ears ?

Surely it cannot bee a fin
To think there is, or may have bin
On Earth a heavenly Seraphin.

That granted, certain 't must bee hee ;
In any else there cannot bee,
Such a Cœlestiall Harmonie.

VVhen glorious He with swift pursute
Touch't the soft Cordage of his Lute,
The Genius of the World was mute.

Amphion so his hand let fall,
When at th' enchantment of his call
Stones danc'd to build the *Theban* Wall.

Arion fure, when he began
To charme th' attentive Ocean,
VVas but an Embleme of this Man,

Whose numerous Fingers, whiter farre
Than *Venus* Swans or *Ermines* are,
VVag'd with the amorous strings a Warre ;

But fuch a Warre as did invite
The Sense of Hearing, and the Sight
To riot in a full delight.

For as his Touch kept equall pace,
His looks did move with fuch a grace ;
VVe read his Mufick in his Face.

Live Noble Youth, let Heav'n infpire
Thee with its owne eternall Fire,
VVhile all that hear thee doe admire.





Love.

Love's a Child, and ought to be
 Won with smiles : his Deitie
 Is cloath'd in *Panthers* skins which hide
 Those parts which kill, if but espy'd ;

Hates Wars, but such as mildly led
 By *Venus* are to pleasures Bed;
 There do soft imbraces fight,
 Kiffes combate with delight.

Amorous looks, and sighs discover
 What befits a timerous Lover.
 But who ere to Love doth yeeld,
Mars his Speer, nor *Pallas* shield

Can save from ruine ; for *Loves* Fire
 Once enkindled by desire,
 Blown by thoughts impetuous blasts,
 It for ever burning lasts.

The Sphear to which it strives to flie
 Are humane hearts that seek to die ;
 These (like fuell) *Loves* fire cherish,
 Till they to ashes burne and perish.

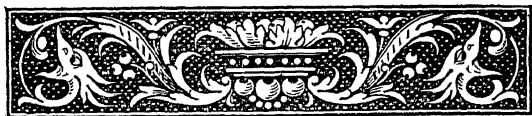


To a reviv'd Vacation Play.

Prologue.

IT is a dead Vacation ; yet we see
 (Which glads our souls) a wel-set Company
 Adorn our Benches : We did scarce expect
 So full an Audience in this long neglect
 Of Court and Citie Gentry, that transfer
 In Terme their Visits to our Theater.
 The Countrey Gentlemen come but to Town
 For their own buf'nesse sake, to carry down
 A sad *Sub-pœna*, or a fearfull Writ
 For their poor neighbour, not for love of Wit.
 Their comely Madams too come up to see
 New Fashions, or to buy some Raritie
 For their young Son and Heir, and only stay
 Till by their Sheepshearing they'r call'd away.
 The Courtiers too are absent, who had wont
 To buy your Wares on trust, they'r gone to hunt
 The nimble Buck i'th' Countrey ; and conceive,
 They give you Int'rest, if you but receive
 A haunch of Ven'son, or if they supplie
 Your Wives trim Churching with a Red-Deer Pie.
 Few Gentlemen are now in Town, but those
 Who in your Books remain uncross'd for Clothes,
 Who, when you ask them money, are so slack
 To pay't ; their answer is, What do you lack ?
 You are our daily and most constant Guests,
 Whom neither Countrey buf'nesse nor the Gifts
 Can ravish from the Citie ; tis your care

To keep your Shops, 'leffe when to take the Ayr
You walke abroad, as you have done to day,
To bring your Wives and Daughters to a Play.
How fond are those men then that think it fit
T'arraigne the Citie of defect of Wit ?
When we do know, you love both wit & sport,
Especially when you've vacation for't.
And now we hope you've leifure in the Citie
To give the World cause to suspect you witty.
We would intreat you then put off awhile
That formall brow you wear when you beguile
Young Chapmen with bad Wares ; pray do not look
On us, as on the Debtors in your Book,
With a shrewd countenance ; what we act to day
Was for your sakes ; (some think) a pretty Play ;
Nay wee our selves almost presume it good
Because we hope it will be understood
By your capacious Brains, which know to get
Wealth, and for that cause we can't doubt your Wit ;
At least we dare not, since wee'r bound to say
All those are witty come to see our Play.



For *Ezekiel Fen* at his first Acting
a Mans Part.

P R O L O G V E.

Suppose a Merchant when he lanches forth
An untry'd Vessell, doubtful of its worth,
Dare not adventure on that infant Peece
The glorious fetching of a golden Fleece
From the remot'st Indies. 'Tis so with mee,
Whose Innocence and timorous Modestie
Does blush at my own shadow, prone to feare
Each wave a Billow that arises here ;
The Company's my Merchant, nor dare they
Expose my weak frame on so rough a Sea,
'Lesse you (their skilfull Pilots) please to steer
By mild direction of your Eye and Ear
Their new rigg'd Bark. This is their hopes and mine
Promise my selfe ; if you like North-stars shine,
I like a daring, and adventrous Man,
Seeking new paths i' th' angry Ocean,
In threatening Tempests when the surges rise
And give salt kisses to the neighb'ring Skies,
When blustering *Boreas* with impetuous breath
Gives the spread Sailes a wound to let in Death,
Cracks the tall Mast, forcing the Ship (though loth)
On its carv'd Prow to wear a Crown of froth ;
Will face all perils boldly, to attain
Harbour in safety ; then set forth againe.



To Mr. *Charles Cotton*.

YOU that are he, you that are only he,
Who are what every noble Soule should be,
The Abstract of Mankind, who truly can
Contract Wits spacious Orb into a span;
Have stock enough of goodnesse to restore
What erring Nature ever lost before.
'Tis not the greatnesse of your Name or Blood
Makes mee adore you, 'tis because you'r good.
The Wits *Mæcenas* can without a storme
Of triviall words, even actuate and inform
With spritly soule that matter which would lie
Lost like a lump, without a memorie
Or life t'ingender Wit. Think there can bee
In mee (dear Sir) no seeds of Flatterie.
Rapt with an holy Zeal, I needs must sing
Your ample Worth; and when I touch a string
Of my *Phœbeian* Lyre, chaste *Daphne* shall
Tender her Bayes to deck the Festivall:
Devoted to your merit, *Bacchus* then
Shall with his richest Nectar-swelling Pen
Indue me with such Wine, as I do think
At least I wish, that you this night may drink;
Pure blood of the rich *Spanish* Grape which may
Make you immortall, and atchieve the Bay
Poets by drinking ayme at. May there bee
In your carouses, Wit and Companie
Fit for your dear enjoying; may the wealth
Of noble Wine enrich you with a Health
Great as my wishes; while forgotten I
By your Commands, banish'd that Company
I so admire, in my *Archaick* bed
Sighe like a Girle, whose precious Maidenhead
Is ravish'd from her; till your future view
Banish that pensive sadnesse, and renew
The happinesse of



To my Friend, Advice.

IN Natures Annals, Man's the perfect Story,
 And you of man had been the perfect glory,
 Had not the error of your giddie youth
 Sold the Inheritance of that noble truth
 Entaild on glorious manhood ; you who are
 In your desires so much irregular,
 That your Ambition is to have your May,
 Your flower of Youth spent in the fruitlesse play
 Of gaining Female favours. In your blood
 Live flames, (which felt) yet are not understood ;
 Continuall *Aetnaes* in your veines nere cease
 To burne, yet doe by burning even increase.
 What pleasure find you in a foolish Kisse,
 Or wanton look, that you do place your blisse,
 Your minds Elifium in an amorous glance,
 Or Priapeian night-work, such a trance,
 A dreame, a nothing ? Can that be the summe
 Of joy that you should aime at ; to become
 For that an Idiot ; to enthrall your heart
 To one whom nature made your weaker part,
 Your household servant ; to adore her haire,
 Make of her face an Idoll, which though faire,
 Is but a painted Sepulche within
 Containing rotten ashes of black sin,
 Reliques of foule corruption ! oh ! reclaime
 Those fordid thoughts, and let a nobler aime
 Be your minds Object, be the finall Cause
 Of your youths Actions ; Let not Cupids Laws

Govern you wholly : For your female Creatures,
Inchanting Divels clad in humane features,
Earth's needfull evils ; Women, they whose name
Divided, does most perfectly proclaime
Their bad Condition ; they, whose Beauty must
Be to men fire-brands to enkindle Lust ;
They are that sweet and undigested meat
That does consume all those that dare to eat
The too delicious Banquet ; Bels that sings ;
One tune at Weddings and at Burysings ;
Serpents whose cunning carriage can intice
Another Adam out of Paradise.
They'r all extremely good, or fraught with evils :
If good, best Saints ; if bad, the worst of Divels.
Pardon mee (sacred Woman-hood) that I
Who've rais'd your Beautie to a Deitie,
Who know you good and vertuous, that you can
Excell in worth as well as feature, Man ;
That I should for the love I bear this Youth,
Injure the innocence of your matchlesse truth :
'Tis to reclaime his follies : Let him see
How bad the worst of your frail Sexe can bee.
He expiate this crime hereafter, pay
To your chaste thoughts my own yet Virgin Bay ;
How much am I your friend then, that dare chuse
To hazzard the fresh honour of my Muse
For your dear sake ; that with one loving breath
Giving you life, betray my selfe to death ?
But this is friendships dutie, and I must
Rather to you than to my self be just.
Oh ! Noble Youth, when you with judgment shall
Read all the Texts not held Canonically
In womens Legends, when you shall behold
In Times successive Volume, what's inrol'd
Concerning them, how many leaves are spent
Upon their Lives, and each a Monument
Speaking the mischiefs that of old did rise
From the intemperate glances of their eyes :
And when Times Herald Fame shall usher in

Those whom Antiquitie brands for that sin :
 Bring *Helen* forth and the lascivious Boy
 Wrapt in the flames (themselves did cause) of
Troy ;

When faire incestuous *Myrrha* you shall see
 Groaning within the entrails of a Tree ;
 View wanton *Lais*, who so oft did sell
 Her beauteous youth, a horrid Fiend in Hell ;
 Or *Tyrian Dido* with big rage posselt,
 Opening the white dores of her Love-sick brest
 To let in wilfull death ; Or when you shall
 Read modern Stories more Authentically
 Then Poetry has taught : You shall survey
 Those Monsters, *Nero* and *Caligula*,
 Naked and trembling ; then with guilty feare
 Infatiate *Messalina* shall appear ;
 Then the two Queens of Naples, who in Name
 Were parallels as well as in their fame,
 Whose appetites could never be withstood
 Till their owne bloods quench'd their own heate of
 blood.

When you have seen these, turn your eyes and look
 On that fair paper, that unspotted Book,
 Where happier Stories flourish : and behold
 Inscib'd in Characters of purest Gold
 Those glorious Names that Fame records to bee
 Th' immaculate Champions of blest Chastitie ;
 Selfe-murdred *Lucrece*, 'twill a Saint expresse,
 And damne foule Tarquin for's lasciviousnesse.
 Chast *Arethusa* there displays her Beams,
 That shine, though drown'd in lustful *Alpheys* streams.
Daphne, that *Phæbus* hot pursuit did shun,
 Looks brighter now than the lascivious Sun.
 But vain are all examples : since even we,
 By Reason's Mistis, wife Philosophie,
 In Ethicks are instructed that we must
 Think each thing wicked which we know unjust :
 And what more dire injustice can there be
 Than to ourselves a want of Charitie ?

But I'm too ferious now, and must excuse
The over-bold instructions of my Muse :
I know, dear friend, you'r so maturely wise,
You can see vice, though cloth'd in the disguise
Of vertue ; and tis needless then to preach
Doctrine to you, who abler are to teach
Than be instructed : but my Pen does move
Only by true directions of my love,
From which if you receive the least offence,
I must appeale to th' Court of Innocence
From your harsh Censure ; since what I have said
Was not to chide you, Friend, but to perswade.





Vertue's reward is Honour, and though you
 Wear no more Titles than descend as due
 From your brave Ancestors, yet to your Blood
 Tis an addition (Sir) to be thought Good.
 You, whose demeanor bears that equall port,
 You've won the love, not envie of the Court ;
 That can observe the forme and Laws of State,
 Gaining mens emulation, not their hate ;
 That with a nobler temper can decide
 The diff'rence 'twixt formalitie and pride,
 That your indifferent actions are as far
 From b'ing too common, as too singular,
 So that with glorious freedome you direct
 Your Will to what it ought most to affect.
 You in whose Nature (as two Suns) arise
 The Attributes of Bountefull and Wise.
 You that are Valiant, (as Fames eldest Child
 Honour) yet teach even Valour to be mild.
 You that (in brief) with certain judgment can
 Be perfect Courtier, yet be perfect Man.
 'Tis no Poetick flatt'ry that does raise
 My eager Muse up to this height of Praife.
 Big with an holy and Prophetick rage,
 In Fame's great Book, I in an ample Page
 Wil fix the Annals of your Worth, which shall
 When other Names are held Apocryphall,
 In that eternall Volume be annext
 A faire Appendix to that glorious Text.
 But now (Great Sir) 'tis time that I excuse
 The too audacious errors of my Muse,

And by my humble wishes strive to win
A full remission for its daring sin.
May you enjoy what ever Strength and Health
Can yeeld of pleasure ; or unbounded Wealth
Can without riot purchase : may you bee
As free from others envie, as y' are free
From its desert : and may (which long since
You had) grow great i' th' favour of your Prince.
May not mischance invade your souls blest peace ;
But may it even as it consumes, increase.
And when decrepid age shall slowly creep
Over your Youth, and to eternall Sleep
Confine your eye-lids ; may you then expire
Blest as a Martyr that does Court the Fire.

Poets are Prophets Sir, and things indeed
Happen, when they but wish they may succeed.





Vpon the right Honourable
 RICHARD Earle of *Portland*
late Lord High Treasurer
 of E N G L A N D .

ELEGIE.

H Ow dul's my Faith ! 'twould puffle my belief
 That there could be room left on earth for
 grief,
 Did not the Worlds great Genius seem to powre
 Its very eyes out in a plenteous showre,
 As if it meant its moysture should create
 Another Deluge, spight of pow'rfull Fate.
 The Stars are mournfull grown, and do conspire
 With unaccustom'd tears to quench their fire.
 The Sun himselfe looks heavie, and puts on
 (In spight of Light) a sad privation,
 Since Noble *PORTLAND'S* fall, whose glorious
 breath
 Was too too precious to bee stolne by Death.
 Grim Tyrant hold thy hand, if thou'lt employ
 Thy unresisted Shafts, let them destroy
 Only those petty subjects, whom their Fate
 Never produc'd for Pillars of the State ;
 The Kingdome well may spare them, and their losse

Would rather be a blessing than a crosse.
 There's multitudes that only seek to bee
 The ends, not raisers of their Familie,
 To whom thy Darts (their Patrimony spent)
 Would be most welcome Cures of Discontent.
 Ambitious Furie ! 'Tis thy only aime
 To vanquish those same true born sons of Fame
 That rise by noble merit ; such was hee
 To whom my Muse does pay this *Elegie*.
 He who though plac'd in Honors highest feat
 Striv'd rather to be counted Good than Great.
 Into whose Essence (all conceiv'd) that State
 Did its own soule even transubstantiate :
 Such were his Counsels, so supremely wise,
 They alwaies conquerd where they did advise.
 His Judgement too so strong, and so mature,
 What ere it promis'd, seem'd to be secure :
 Yet 'twas with such a moderation mixt,
 That as on Law, so 'twas on Conscience fixt.
 All's actions were so even, they nere did force
 The great mans Envie, nor the poor mans Curse.
 Such was his Life, so temperate and just,
 It nere knew Malice, nor commerc'd with Lust.

What suddain trance surrounds me ? what extreme

Passion confines my senses to a Dreame ?
 I feele a lazie humour slowly creep
 Over my Fancie, charming it to sleep,
 Or rather, that (entranc'd) it might supply
 Great *PORTLAND'S* Herse with a fit *Elegie*.
 Now a Poetick furie brings mee on
 To mount to Fames eternall Mansion,
 Where upon Marble Seats I did behold
 Those glorious Worthies so renownd of old
 For prudent Counsels, who were held the health,
 The very life and soule o' th' Common-wealth.
 There the mellifluous *Cicero* did shine
 Bright with the spoiles of vanquish'd *Cataline* ;
 And as his Motto, ore his Throne there hung,

*Arms yeeld to Arts ; let fwords give place to
th' Tongue.*

There *Roman Fabius* fate, who wrought the fall
(By his delays) of Punick *Hannibal*.
'Mongst other forraigne Statesmen, there appears
Thofe of our Nation, who for many years
Did in ambiguous Fortunes frown and fmile
Uphold the Fate and Glory of this Ifle.
There that great Marshall *Pembroke* did fustaine-
The reeling Pillars of third *Henries* Raigne,
And [did] of this our English heaven advance
Himfelfe the *Atlas* 'gainst invading *France*.
(After a numerous Companie) in his Pall,
And other holy Robes, Fame did install
Illuftrious *Morton*, that compof'd the Jarre
Betwixt the Houfe of *York* and *Lancaster*.
There *Sackville*, *Cecill*, *Egerton*, were plac'd,
On whom as I flood gazing, Fame in haft
Approaching, did command them to prepare
For *PORTLAND'S* welcome to that Theater
Of ever-living Honour ; and to mee,
Goe fing (quoth hee) this Worthies *Elegie*.
Straight (as the Mufes Priest) I did obey
And 'gan to touch my Inftrument, when they
Leaving their Thrones, with an unanimous voice
Welcom'd the Sage Lord, and did give him choice
Which Seat he would accept ; but modeft hee,
Repaid their Courtefie with Courtefie,
Till Fame herfelf installd him, and did give
His merit this Infcription, which fhall live
As his great Name, unraz'd : *Here PORTLAND
lies,*
*That was as truly Iuft as hee was wife ;
Cautious, yet full of Councell ; Mild, yet free
From seeking idle Popularitie ;
To Good men gentle, to the Bad fevere ;
Lov'd Vertue for its felfe, and not for Feare.*

This Fame infcrib'd and this fhall deck his Herfe,
While there is Time, or memorie of Verfe.



On Sir *Robert Ayton*, late Secretarie
to her *Majestie*.

E L E G I E.

TEares are all Great mens Obsequies, when they
Break from the glorious prison of their Clay;
A thousand fluent eyes their losses mourns,
As if they meant to drowne them in their Urnes.
If then this sorrow customarie bee,
How many eyes should bee wept out for thee?
Admired *Ayton*! every mournfull breath
Lamenting thine should sigh itself to death,
As proud to wait on thy pure Soul, which fled
To heaven so swiftly; none did think thee dead,
Till the loud Bell (Deaths Trumpet) did proclaime
Thy flight to immortalitie; then Fame
Herselfe put on Griefs Liverie, and sung
Thy weighty losse, till shee had lost her tongue
In that sad use, as if shee meant to have
A Tombe for all her Storie in thy Grave.
Thou, who when living, Truths example flood,
To teach Great men to be Great and Good;
Nay, to be Wise and Learnd, to act each part
Of their Lives Scene, with Vertue and with Art,
Which thou mad'st Vertues Hand-maid, and with skil
Manag'd thy Greatnesse, without Greatnesse ill.
But Sorrow does distract me, and my Zeal
Of Grief for thee does (with the practice) steal

Away my Muses Faculties, and now
Deaths Embleme (*Cypresse*) hangs upon my Brow
Heavie as thy cold Marble ; else ere this,
My pregnant Muse, big with an Extasis
Of Wonder, had endeavour'd to fet forth
The unexpressive glorie of thy Worth :
It had displaid thy Learning, which was such,
That it (in justice) may compare with much
Admired *Barclay*, or be said to side
With Wit-excelling *Buchanan*, (the pride
And glorie of thy Nation) 'Twas so known
To both the Kingdomes, each would gladly own
Thee as their Off-spring, but ours (grieving) must
Only be happy to preserve thy dust :
Which as if Fame had meant it should inherit
The glorie due unto thy living Merit,
This unaccustom'd Honour to it brings,
To mix with sacred ashes of our Kings.

Good, is in Subjects Kingly, and in thee
All Graces strive to make an Unitie
Of pious goodnesse ; many flames so meet,
And curle into one Pyramid, then greet
Their subtle Spheare ; in *Aytons* equall Brest
Dwels all that could for Vertue be exprest.

So that the brightnesse of his Lives just glory
Shall shame the Bad, be to the good a Story.



Vpon the Noble Colonell-Generall

Burroughs, slaine at the Isle of Ree.

ELEGIE.

ADmired BURROUGHS! though to deck thy Herse
Thy Merits challenge a Tenth Muses Verse;
Though, if thy Valour just reward should have,
Mars should turne Poet, write thy Epitaph:
Yet let not thy blest soule (Heroick Spirit)
That now in heavens great Armie does inherit
The Civick Garland, Laurell, and enjoys
More glorious triumphs than the Romish toyes
Uf'd to grace happie Conquests with, despise
This, though no Hecatombe, yet a Sacrifice,
Which the well-wishes of a bleeding heart
Offers as Fun'rall flames to thy desert.

To say thou wert Wise, Valiant, and the rest
Of those good Attributes thy Worth exprest
T'include in it, were nothing; 'twere more fit
That some sweet Genius, some *Ovidian* Wit
Should studie for new Epithites t' expresse
Thee as thou wert then living, that's no lesse
Than Master of those Gifts, which here related
Would make old Nature proud she had created
A work of so much wonder, that pale Death
Has lodg'd thee now (Illustrious Soule) beneath
A pile of Marble, whose hard entrails weep
O're thy cold ashes; and since yron-sleep
Has closed thy eye-lids, let thy silent Grave
Retain with thee this for thy Epitaph:

*Here lies a Colonell, slaine by fatall Shot;
Who lost his Regiment, and a Kingdome got.*



Vpon the right Honourable, the
Lady *Elisabeth Rich.*

E L E G I E.

WHy looks the day so dull? why does't appear
As if it were contracted to a Tear?
Or rather had put off essentiall Light,
To shrowd its Lustre in eternall night?
The Clouds are drowfie, as they meant to sleep,
Or rather pregnant (with salt Dew) to weep.
'Tis past the Morning now, Day needs not powre
Its precious moysture on each amorous Flowre;
The Violets want not liquid pearls t' adorne
Their azure ears, nor from the beauteous Morne
Does the pale Couflip or the Primrose seek
A Chrifall Gemm to hang upon its Cheek;
Their pride does wither, they hang down their heads,
As if they would intombe them in their beds.
The Sun-aspiring Lark under his Wing
Hanging his head, seems now to sigh, not sing.

What should portend this sadnes? why should mirth
Seem thus o'th' suddain to bee fled from Earth?
No Comet has appear'd of late, no Star
With blazing brightnesse threatned Death or War.
The cause then of this suddain change must be
Beyond the reach of wise *Astrologie.*
(My Fancie has't.) This alteration falls
Only at Beauties, Vertues Funeralls.
These are no common Obsequies, since Shee

(Illustrious Ladie) is enforc'd to bee
 The Cause of these lamented Rites, by proud
 Imperious Death confin'd into a Shrowd :
 Shee that was so superlatively Good,
 Her Vertue was her Honour more than Blood :
 Whose Innocence and Love was all her Care :
 Who was as purely Chast as Shee was Fayre :
 So full of noble Carriage, that her Life
 May be the Figure of a perfect Wife,
 Look here you curious Great Ones, here doth ly
 A Glasfe for you to dress your Actions by.
 'Twas not the name of *Ca'ndish*, so ally'd
 To Worth, that could in her beget least Pride ;
 Nor did shee boast her Title, being led
 A glorious Bride to hopefull *Rich* his Bed.

*Gentle as Summer Evenings, or as Ayre,
 In its first native Puritie ; and Faire
 As was the Beams of the Created Light,
 Before it ever had convers'd with Night ;
 Humble as Vo'ries, that in Prayer expire ;
 And Chast as those who never knew Desire
 Was this Religious Dame, who nere can die,
 Since her own Fame has writ her Elegie.*



Vpon the death of his Sifter,
Mrs. *Priscilla Glapthorne*.

E L E G I E.

H Appie *Arabians*, when your *Phœnix* dies
In a sweet pile of fragrant Spiceries !
Out of the Ashes of her Myrrh-burn'd Mother,
(That you may still have one) springs up another.
Unhappie we ! Since 'tis your *Phœnix* nature,
Why could not ours, our only matchlesse Creature
Injoy that right ? Why from the Mothers Urne
Did not another *Phœnix* straight returne ?
Oh ! there's a reason ; 'twas cause Natures Store
All spent on her, is now become too poore
To frame her equall, so that on her Herse
My trembling hand shall hang this Fun'rall Verse.

*Vertue and Beautie, none can boast to have,
They are both buried in her silent Grave ;
Who was Loves, Truths, Beautie, and Vertues
Pride ;
With her Love, Truth, Beautie and Vertue dy'd.*



Vpon the death of Mrs. *Sufanna*
Osbalston.

ELEGIE.

I Pree thee leave me, Grief ; if thou wilt stay
 Within my panting Brest, shew mee the way
 To present death ; or force my eyes to shed
 So large a flood of Tears, as may bee spred
 Like a transparent Christall Sheet upon
 Her Grave, that so no other worthless Stone
 Aspire t' adorne her Monument. Oh Shee !
 Who was what ev'ry loyall Wife should bee :
 Shee in whose living Character was writ
 A modest Sweetnesse cloath'd in harmlesse Wit :
 Not like those ayrie Dames that only strive
 To keep their Faces, not their Fames alive :
 That prey upon their Husbands wealth, consume
 Whole Signories in Painting and Perfume :
 That only make an Idoll of their Will,
 And hate all Good, 'cause they account it Ill.
 No, thee was pleasing, void of least Offence ;
 Was fully Wise, yet full of Innocence.
 But oh ! how I undoe my selfe ! I now
 Must pull my Lawrell from my wrinkled Brow,
 And wreath'd in deathfull Cypresse, sadly call
 My Muse to wait upon her Funerall.
 Light thy sick Tapers, pensive Muse, and come

To wait her Death, and thine owne Martyrdome ;
 For never be invok'd to write (by mee),
 When hers is writ, another *Elegie*.
 Now in that silent Tenement of Death,
 The Church, go sing in a soft Swan-like breath,
 A *Requiem* to thy memory ; and there
 Drowne ev'ry word thou utter'ft with a Teare :
 But let them be fuch Tears as may expresse
 Not Sorrow, but a joyful Extasis.

And You (dear Sir) in whom there doth furvive
 So much of her, fhee needs muft reft alive
 In your yet bleeding memory ; You that know
 How much each tributarie Grace did owe
 To her unmatched Perfections ; how that fhee
 Was Vertues, Beauties juft Epitome :
 How that her Eyes were Sphears in which did move
 The equall orbs of Chafitie and Love :
 Her Cheeks two fields of purity, where grew
 The Rose and Lillie, mixt i' th' mutuall hue
 Of Smiles and Blufhes ; how each outward part
 Did fpeak the richer luftre of her Heart,
 Her Minds intensive glory. When you think
 Juftly on this, her Grave no more fhall drink
 Your frequent Tears ; but fraught with noble Mirth,
 You'll foon develt your Soul of all that's Earth
 About it : fay, 'twas juftice to transferre
 From this dull Region fuch a matchlefs Starre,
 And fix't i' th' Chrifall Heav'n ; you'll then confeffe

Your conftant Love to her appear'd far leffe
 In Griefe than Joy ; for sorrow fpent for this
 Her happineffe, is envie to her bliffe,
 Not charitie t' her memory ; yet my Verfe
 Shall hang a lafting Hatchment on her Herfe,
 My Lawrell deck her Urne, in which does lie
 As much as of Mortalitie could die.

You Sir, who then beft knew her perfect Life
 Ought to rejoyce, not grieve for your dead Wife.



SYLVIA.

A

FRAGMENT.

AS *DAMON* thus did 'plaine,
Behold a Cloud (out of the foami
Maine)
'Gan to arise, and over-looke the Earth,
Scorning the Sea (from whence it took its birth)
As dull and pond'rous ; still it mounts up higher
With azure Wings, as if it meant t' aspire,
Spight of commanding Natures free Consent,
To place 'bove Ayr the watry Element ;
Whose vain ambition, from his calid Sphear,
When nimble Fire, the chiefe and supreme Peere
Of Elements, beheld ; his fervent Ire
Increas'd his furie, adding Fire to Fire,
Making him hotter than the eighth degree,
Which is prescrib'd him by Philosophie ;
And calling to his accident, the Heat
That by him fate upon a brazen Seat ;
Which flam'd like *Ætna*, when *Typhæus* breath
Threatens to blow up the *Sicilian* earth.
He bad him quell that over daring Foe,
Who still made hast to his own overthrow.
Heat strait obeyd ; and wrapping up in Smoke
His horrid Flames, a speedy passage took

Into the fierie Regions, and with force
 Of rayes more ardent than the Sun's bright Horfe
 When they ore-turn'd their Masters purple Carr,
 And drownd in *Po*, the ventrous Waggoner,
 Drew up the willing Cloud, that striv'd to flie,
 With *Icarus* to its owne Tragedie.
 Juſt as a Load-ftarre, whoſe attraſting force
 Does cauſe the Iron leave its native Courſe,
 And mount to it; ſo did Heats pow'rfull might
 Inforce the following Cloud till it had quite
 Paiſ'd the firſt Kingdome, and was upward gone
 Into the pure Ayrs middle Region;
 Then back with ſpeed, the Heat 'gan homeward
 fare

And left the Cloud to th' mercy of the Ayre;
 Whoſe ſubtle bodie being light and drie,
 Could not indure the Clouds moiſt qualitie.
 (Clouds, and all heavie Meteors, Rain, and Snow,
 Haile, and the like, are Bodies mixt, that grow
 Out of the Earth, and watry Element,
 Which by their nature pond'rous, ſtill are bent
 Down to the Center, but the Ayre and Fire
 Of more pure ſubſtance, ſeek to force them higher
 Towards the Sphear, that in their downfall thence
 They may triumph, and ſhew their Eminence
 Over thoſe duller bodies; but the natures
 Of theſe two groſſe, yet fully ſimple Creatures
 Will not permit aſcenſion, they attraſt
 Therefore theſe Meteors upwards, which compact
 Of humid Vapours, needs muſt ſeek to bow
 Downwards again): Our Cloud then which was
 now

Left by its hot Conductor, ſtraight was caſt
 By the inrag'd Ayr with greater haſt,
 To kiſſe the Center (than a *Parthian* Bow
 Can ſhoot an Arrow, or a Morter throw
 Deathful Granado's): in its way it ſtrook
 Upon the Firmament, and there b'ing broke,
 Its wat'ry ſubſtance did obſcure the Plaine

And gawdie Heaven with Clouds, which fought
again

To joyn in one, and fill the buxome Ayre,
Just as you've seen a Painter on a faire
White Table drop some little spots of Black,
Which running here and there, at length does make
One Colour in the Grownd-work ; or as when
Two num'rous Hosts of wel-resolved men
Meet in the Field, and with the murd'rous Smoak
Of their Death-sending Muskets, strive to choak
Their bloody facts from view of lightsome day,
The Sulphure flying many a fev'rall way,
At last does meet, and dim the Christall Sky :
So did this Cloud, now many, by and by
One Cloud agen ; which when the Rose-cheek'd
Sun

(Who had but halfe his daily labour run)
Saw from his shining Chariot, on hee speeds,
Driving amain his Nectar-glutted Steeds
Through the dark Welkin, now he 'gins to call
On *Pieris*, now on *Æthon*, then lets fall
His angry Whip upon their sweaty backs,
Now pullsthe Raines hard, which again he flacks,
That they might have more free and open Courfe
T'expell the Cloud, which scorning the Suns force,
With pitchie mists did so obscure his light,
That day seem'd turn'd into *Cimmerian* Night.
Then straight the Cloud out of its watrie Store
Show'd as if godly *Pyrrhus* age once more
Had been approaching, when blew *Proteus* drave
His flocks to see the Mountains, Fishes clave
Unto the Elmes, before a noted feat
For harmlesse Turtles. All the Winds did meet
In hostile opposition ; *Auster* fought
With *Zybs*, and he with *Boreas*, who from out
His rapid throat cast gusts, and did display
His wings as wide, as when *Orythia*
Was by him ravisht : Thunder from the Skie
Like to lowd musick, made a Harmonie :

With the Winds whistling shrilneffe, Seas did roare
Rising in frothie Mountaines, that the Shore
Trembled for feare, lest the impetuous Waves
Should passe their Limits, and become the Graves
To the adjoyning Meadows : And our Swaine
Damon, who erst in Tears began to plaine
His *Kala's* losse, now let that salt dew fall,
To solemneize his poor Flocks Funerall.
For loe, big-swelling with the late-falne Raine
Tyber broke ore his Banks, and ran amaine
Into the Meadowes, where our Shepheards kept
Their Woolly Charge, which presently was swept
Down by the greedy River, as wee see
A Towne beleagur'd by its Enemie,
When by an on-slaught 'tis surpriz'd and tane,
Both old and young are by the Martiall Trainee
Of the Victorious Souldiers mured : so
Dealt the intraged River ; to and fro
It ran, and bore down all ; the tender Lambs
That then were sucking of their milkie Dams,
Ere they could waile their deaths with one fad
bleat,
Were swallow'd up, yet hanging on the Teat.
Nor did the Flocks horn'd-Leaders brazen Bell
Serve him for ought, unleffe to ring a knell
To the Folds drowning ; 'twas in vain to strive,
For the poor Shepheards now to save alive
Themselves was all their studie ; to a Wood,
Whose top had long a mark to Sea-men stood,
They trembling fled, when straight the Cloudy Skie
'Gan to cleer up, and *Phæbus* lightfomely
Agen to shine ; the Muses of this Grove
To chaunt their sylvan Madrigalls, and move
The Stones to listen, and the loftie Trees
To bow their dewie heads ; the busie Bees
Leaving the hollow Oaks which the late Rain
Had forc'd 'em enter, now began again
Their little thighs with juyce of Thyme to fill ;
But the amazed Shepheards trembling still,

Could scarce give credit to their wondring eyes,
 (Such pow'r has feare if throughly it surprize
 Our foule and fences) they beheld the Wood
 As 't had been water, thought each plash a flood,
 And every drop that from the boughs did fall
 They thought a tear shed for their Funerall.
 In this amazement standing ; to their sight
 An object was presented, naked quite,
 Save that her snowie Smock did compasse in
 Its white embraces, her far whiter Skin.
 They saw bound to an Oak so rare a Creature
 As seem'd to be the work on which old Nature
 Had spent her best Materialls.

Not *Cytherea*, when shee naked rose
 From the Seas wat'ry bosome, did disclose
 Halfe of her Beauties ; nor the nimble Maid,
 To whose swift Feet so many Sutors paid
 Their heads as tribute ; nor the Wood-nymphs
 Queen

When shee was bathing by *Acæon* seen,
 Showd like to her ; by whom *Pigmalion* might
 Have tane a Patterne, and have fram'd a right
 Modell of Beautie : her attractive Haire,
 Bright as the Sun-beams, drew th' inamour'd Ayr
 Gently to waft it ; and her Pearls of Sight,
 Though drown'd in Tears, cast forth a glitt'ring
 light,

That through dark Sorrow shin'd ; the winged
 Boy

Leaving his Mothers Fountains, came t' enjoy
 Those Chrystal Wels, whose pure drops could redresse
 Sooner than Nectar, hot Loves thirstinesse.
 The Naiades, and tripping Fairie Elves
 Repin'd to see in their owne Woods, themselves
 So farre surpass'd in Beautie ; and the Grove
 Thinking 't had been *Sylvanus* fairest Love,
 Brought thither all his Off-spring, with pretence
 To doe his Gods belov'd Nymph reverence.

First did the Thorne most amorously begin
To twine about her, yet nere prick'd her skin ;
Then aged Palmes, and Victor-crowning Bayes
Halfe-withered (at her Eyes all-quickning Rayes)
Came and renew'd their freshnesse ; and the Yew
Unkind to wearie Passengers, at view
Of her, lost all his poyson ; and the Tree
Whence *Venus* Minion in his Infancie
Was by the Wood-nymph taken, did presume
To borrow sweetnesse from her breaths perfume ;
Here did the Cedar meet the stately Pine,
And it the Cypresse, seeking to intwine
Their bushie tops, which Arbour-wife did run
To shade her Face, and robb the am'rous Sun
Of his desired Kisses ; all the Wood
At view of her, as much amazed stood,
As when the *Oegrin* Harpists cunning hand
Gave life to Mountains, forc'd *Panchaya* stand
Shaking her Balmie Treffes. Had the deep
Sighs shee expir'd not shewd that life did keep
In her a happie residence, the Swaines
Would have imagin'd that her azure Veines,
Her Iv'rie Neck, and swelling Brests, the rest
Of her Dimensions, not to be exprest,
T'have been *Diana's* Statue, there erected
To be ador'd ; but when they had respected
Her sighs, and saw her living as sh' ad been
Some Sylvan Goddesse, or the Nymph whose green
Scepter commands the Forrests ; they ask'd grace
For off'ring entrance to that sacred place.
The bashfull Virgin, from her weeping eyes
Shot glitt'ring Rayes hot Loves Incendiaries,
Teaching Daies Tapor a more glorious Shine
Than Diamonds give to Jet, when they intwine.
At them the frozen Waggoner might thaw
His Chariot axel'd with congealed Snow ;
And the slow moving North-star having felt
Their temp'rate heat, his Isicles would melt,
And being affrighted at the sight of men,

Call'd up the blood into her Cheeks agen
 Which fear had made depart thence ; blushing red,
 As does *Aurora* when shee leaves the Bed
 Of old *Tythoni*us ; faine she would have got
 Into the Wood, tooke *Daphne* from the hot
 Pursuit of lustfull *Cynthius* ; the Oak
 She oft besought to lend its Bark to cloak
 Her from their view, but when she saw how vain
 Her wishes were, shee then began amain
 To beat her Breasts, and from her radiant eyes
 To send a showre, whose drops were of more price
 Than those which conquer'd *Danae* : As shee thought
 With plaints and grievous sighs to have besought
 The Shepherds to unbind her ; from the thick
 Of the green Wood, came running toward her, quick
 As some *Numidian* Lyon from his Den,
 (Half-starv'd with hunger) to his prey, three men
 Three Monsters rather, clad in Weeds of haire,
 Save that their Legs, and Armes, and Necks all bare,
 Look'd rougher than their Garments ; to the Maid
 Then bent their cruell steps, who humbly praid
 The Heavens for pitie ; on the Villains went
 Towards the Oak with a most damn'd intent
 To ravish her ; the Trees that by her flood
 Began lament ; the light Nymphs of the Wood
 Implor'd the chaste *Diana* to defend
 Her wretched Votresse ; and the Birds did rend
 The Ayre with dismall screetches : *Phylomell*
 In mourning accents fram'd her voice to tell
 The Vengeance due to Ravishers : the Fire
 That burn'd their entrails, blown by foul desire,
 Made their eyes sparkle, yeelding horrid light
 Unto their fact, whose blacknesse did affright
 The blushing Sun, who hid his golden head
 And seem'd to suffer an Eclipse through dread
 Of that dark deed ; and now they did begin
 With sacrilegious hands to touch that skin,
 Which soft as *Lydian* Silk, did even intice
 Love there to build his choicest Paradise.

When the intrag'd Shepheards, who beheld
Their monstrous purpose, with stern fury fild,
Ran to her succour ; as a Bear, whose young
Is stolne away, or as a Wolfe among
A flock of Sheep, when by the Pastors care
Hee's hindred of his prey ; just so did fare
The disappointed Letchers ; and with cries
Whose hideous found lent thunder to the skies,
They rush'd upon the Shepheards, who prepar'd
For all incounters, stood upon their guard,
And with their hooks, which sometimes us'd to catch
The tender Lambs and bleating Ewes, they watch
To meet their blows, and strength with strength repel ;
All strook together, yet not one blow fell
In vain to th' ground ; the sweat and purple blood
That trickled from them, dim'd their sights, yet stood
The fight in equall ballance ; now the Swaines,
And then the Wood-men had the odds ; their paines
Seem'd not to make 'em wearie ; these did fight
Spur'd on by lust, and these in justice right.
Now 'gan they grapple, and with all their force
Striv'd to orethrow each other ; no remorse
Of their own harms, could move their angrie minds
To come to parley : furie when it blinds
Our foules, is such a passion ; not the rage
Of hungrie Indian Lyons, when they wage
With rav'nous Leopards battell for their prey,
Was like to theirs : fierce Beasts and Tygers may
Be held as mild ; the *Brittish* Mastiffes fight
With his couragious *Irish* opposite ;
The Dragon arm'd with plates of strongest Male,
Against *Joves* Bird ; the Sword-fish and the Whale
Were models of this Combate : till at length,
Might overcame, Vertue gave place to Strength :
The Shepheards breathlesse were ; their angrie foes
Wax'd more couragious, and did seek to close
With their half-vanquish'd enemies : as a Steed
Who having run with over-hastie speed
Most of his Race, does ere it fully end,

Tire ; so the Shepherds who did rashly spend
 Their spirits at the entrance of the Fray,
 Ere it was done, had none to spend, yet they
 With courage held the Fight up, till by force
 Mastred, they fell, each with a wounded Corse
 Striking the earth now when they could no more
 Strike their inhumane foes. The savage Bore
 That in revenge wrathfull *Diſſynna* sent
 To spoile the *Chaledonian* Continent,
 When he had drawn the valiant *Dardans* blood,
 Could not triumph more ; they insulting stood
 Like to so many Goshawks ore their prey,
 Ore the poor Swains ; what then could *Sylvia*,
 (So hight the Nymph) expect, but present death,
 Or ravishment ? which to prevent, her breath
 She sought to stop with her gold tramell haire,
 But when it came into her lips, it there
 Amorously hung, spight of her force, to suck
 Myriads of melting kisses ; see the luck
 Heavens had ordain'd to save her ; with her cries
 And with the late-fought Combats Ecchoing noise,
 Drawn to the place, arriv'd an armed Knight,
 Who to avoid the fearfull tempests might,
 Had tane the Woods for shelter, just as they
 With barbarous outcries were about to slay
 The honest Shepherds, whom when he did view
 In that apparent perill, straight he flew
 Upon the lustfull butchers, and his Sword
 Dealt deathfull dole amongst 'em ; they afford
 Him blowes for blowes, and dangerous fight main-
 tain
 Till his strong hand victoriously had slain
 The fiercest of them ; then the other paire,
 Like to a stone that through the subtle Ayre
 Flies from a forcing sling, so fast they fled
 Into the wood ; the Shepherds almost dead
 With wounds and bruises, joyfully did rise
 To thank their Saviour, who had cast his eyes
 Up to the Tree where lovely *Sylvia* stood,

Bound, like the *Tyrian* Damsell when the flood
 Sent up a Whale to eat her. This strange sight
 So full of wonder, filld the courteous Knight
 With admiration, and desire to know,
 Both who shee was, and who had us'd her so.
 And hasting forward to the holy tree,
 He gently 'gan to loose her bands; but shee
 Who in the *Idea* of her frighted thought
 Saw nothing but her Foes, imagin'd nought
 But present Rape, gave up her Virgin breath
 From whence shee had it, and enrich'd foul Death
 With the most precious flavour: not the Boy
 Now turn'd a Flow'r whom *Phæbus* did destroy
 With his Sledg-casting; nor *Orithia's* faire
 Sister, sweet *Procris*, whom the name of Ayre
 Brought to her ruine; nor *Ioves* beam-burn'd Love
 In death appear'd so amorous. As a Dove
 Truf'd by a Falcon gently takes the stroke
 Of Death, so did shee. The broad spreading Oak
 Erst proud of its faire Captive, sadly now
 Began lament, and mournfully to bow
 His aged head, to kisse her liveliest Corse;
 The Wood-nymphs mournfull plaints did even enforce
 The neighb'ring Rocks to weep; our Shepherds
 tears
 Watred the earth: in her sad death, appears
 His *Kala's* losse to *Damon*, so that hee
 Wept both for hers, and *Kala's* Tragedie.
 But all their woes were nothing to the plight
 Of sorrow seizing on the gentle Knight,
 When hee beheld her perishe; that his grieve
 Made him forget to tender quick reliefe
 Unto her fainting; yet at last he ran
 Unto a neighb'ring fountaine, and began
 To catch the glyding water, which did meet
 His labouring hands, thence leapt into her sweet
 Though dying face, shee only in a swoond,
 And not quite dead; the saving water found

Means to recure her, (for 'tis sure the nature
 Of suddain traunces, which possesse a Creature
 Only when Feare does call from every part
 The lively blood to aid the fainting heart,
 Agen to vanish, when the blood is call'd
 By some quick motion to the parts appall'd
 For want of it ; Shee therefore in this guise
 Handled, unfeald (forthwith) her death-clof'd eyes.
 As the transplendent Guider of the Day
 Obscur'd by clouds, more brightly does display
 When h' 'ath orecome them, his all-piercing light ;
 So did the blazing Comets of her sight
 Dart now more lucid clearnesse, every beame
 Of it deserving to have been a Theame
 For all the Poets. Not the *Cyprian* Rose
 Or silver Lillie, what can we suppose,
 Was like her Cheeks? Hyperbolies must needs
 Fail to expresse that which it selfe exceeds
 All Metaphors : in them the blushing Red
 Striv'd to appeare, and back unwilling fled
 To give that place to the more pow'rfull White :
 Judge but what fulnesse of sincere delight
 Rapt the late fearfull Knight when he did see
 Her live agen ; hee hasted to the tree,
 And kindly chear'd her tim'rous heart ; the Maid
 Could scarce beleve her ears or eyes, which paid
 Joy a most welcome tribute ; to unbind
 Her cords he hasted, while the mossie rinde
 Of the broad spreading tree did strive to cleave
 To her fair skin, as if't had rather leave
 Its mother Oak than her ; beneath the shade
 Of a thick Fig-tree she before had laid
 Her light filk garments, which the Shepherds
 brought
 To cloath her with ; the loving vestures fought
 To flie unto her bodie ; soon as shee
 Had put them on, with blushing modestie
 She thank'd the noble Champion and the Swains,
 Who for her sake had undergone such pains

As merited requitall ; but a look
From her sweet self both Knight and Shepherds
took
As a reward sufficient ; they would faine
Have ask'd her name, but durst not ; how shee
came
To be distrest so ; but lest shee should chance
With thought of it to fall into a Trance
Agen, they would not crave 't ; She humbly prayed
The Knight and Shepherds, she might be conveyd
By them home to her Fathers house, that stood
Under the covert of that lucklesse Wood
Where shee had run such danger : Straight way
they
Leaving the curfed Villaines corps a prey
To meager Wolves, the leavie Grove forfook ;
Shee being their Guid, a beaten Path they took
Into a Meadow, where the Fowers did strive
With eager motion, which should first revive
From their late drowning, that they so might meet
With dewie lips the beauteous Virgins feet.

Cætera defunt.

FINIS.

POEMS IN MEMORY OF
THOMAS BEEDOME

[Published 1641]



On the death and Poems, of his most
deare friend, Master *Thomas Beedome*. (1).

WHY did thy muse display her eaglets wing,
And make a flight at heaven? why did thee
sing,

Like to the earely Larke, when she begunne,
Glad carolls in the eare o' the listning Sunne.
Till heavens inhabitants did even conspire,
To snatch thee as a chanter to their quire,
But glorious *Beedome*, ere he left the earth,
Did give to fame a Monument, a birth.
To such a living fancy, as in spight
Of fate, shall like a precious ray of light,
Dwell 'bout his urne, where all the muses sit,
Wayling the losse of his emergent wit.
And weeping ore his ashes till their eyes,
Instead of teares, shed mournfull Elegies.
Peneian Daphne, there her armes displayes,
As if she would intombe him in her bayes.
And she who Phœbus hot pursuit did shunne,
Imbraces the old ashes of his sonne.
There a bright troope of Virgins that from farre,
Appeare, resembling every one a starre,
Drown'd in a see of pearle, doe sadly rise,
From his lov'd urne, each one without their eyes.
Wept out, or burning left there, as they'd meant,

(1) Prefixed to *Poems Divine, and Humane*. By Thomas
Beedome. Lond. 1641.

Those lights for tapers to his Monument.
Where shall we find at such a time a soule,
That could in flowing numbers even controule,
Arts nimblest currents, and most swiftly glide,
Without least noyse, admir'd before espide.
So have I seene a gentle streame, with sweet,
And fluent motion, softly hast to meet,
Its mother Ocean, and enrich her store,
With a more gratefull tribute then before.
A thousand violent torrents paid, whose waves,
Though lowder, brought lesse musicke to their graves,
His life was all one harmony, and in's death,
Numerous, and full of sweetnesse was his breath,
Expanded like the Swans concluding layes,
In lasting accents, that shall speake his prayse,
While Feather-footed time does swiftly passe,
Or has a sand left in his plenteous glasse,
This is my vote, which to thy Booke shall be
A just applause, to thee an Elegie.





*In obitum Lachrymabilem,
Thomas Beedome, nuper defuncti, et in
præclara ingenii sui Monumenta
jam primum edita. (1)*

Siccine crideli cecidisti morte peremptus ?
 Siccine in extremos, jussus es ire rogos ?
 Et vix ingressus teneros lanuginis annos ;
 Corruis ante diem, blande *Bedome*, tuum.
 Quid iuvat, ut tremulis cecinisti docta Camænis
 Carmina ? Threiciæ digna legenda lyræ ?
 Quidve quod auricomum cinxisset pennula frontem ?
 Vmbrassetque tuas laurus amica genas ;
 Omnia cum nostri sint hæc monumenta doloris :
 Quantaque virtus erat, tantus eritque dolor.
 Sic in Erithreo pretiosam littore concham
 Cum perdat ; Lachrymis prostruit Indus humum.
 Sicque super tumulum plorantia lumina falsis
 Opprimimus fluviis : noxque fit atra dies ;
 Cur tamen irriguis guttas soluamus ocellis ?
 Curve fluit gemitus noster ab ore citus,
 Tene per altithroni sequerentur gaudia luctus ?
 Tene per astringerem quæreret unda domum !
 Non petit assiduos sanctorum mansio planctus ;
 Convenit haud liquidis flamifer ignis aquis.

(1) Prefixed to *Beedome's Poems*, 1641.

Non opus interea est tantam deflere ruinam
Opprimet et tantum multa ruina virum
I nunc magnificos jactato tyranne triumphos,
Mors, et depictis pende trophæa tholis,
Quam fragiles ictus contemptibilesque sagittæ
Sunt, nec vulneribus lædis ut ante tuis
Dulciloquis volutans juvenis super æthera scriptis
Vivit in aurato nomen opusque libro.
Atque triumphales redimunt sua tempora vitæ ;
Victor adest mortis, fama perennis erit.
Vivit enim certi Immutato pectore amici
Nec potuit tumulto nobiliore frui.

WHITEHALL, AND OTHER POEMS

(Published 1643).

White-Hall.

A Poem.

Written 1642.

WITH

E L E G I E S

ON

The Right Honourable FRANCIS Earl
of BEDFORD.

And Henry Earle of *Manchester*, Lord Privy
Seale : both deceased during this present
Session of Parliament.

WITH

An Anniverfarie on the timelesse death of Mrs.
Anne Kirk, wife to the truly Noble *Geo. Kirk*,
Gentleman of the Robes and of his Majesties
Bed Chamber, drowned unfortunately passing
London Bridge, *July 6, 1641.*

The Authour *Hen. Glapthorne.*

London, printed for *Francis Constable*, 1643.



To my noble Friend and Gossip, Cap-
taine *Richard Lovelace*.

Sir,



Have so long beene in your debt, that I was almost desperate in my selfe of making you paiment, till this fancy by ravishing from you a new Curtesie in its patronage, promised me it would satisfie part of my former engagements to you. Wonder not to see it invade you thus on the suddē: Gratitude is aeriall, and like that Element, nimble in its motion and performance; though I would not have this of mine of a French disposition, to charge hotly and retreat unfortunately: there may appeare something in this, that may maintaine the field courageously against Envy, nay come off with honour; if you, Sir, please to rest satisfied, that it marches under your Ensignes, which are the desires of

Your true honourer

Hen. Glapthorne.



White-Hall.

WHat Earthquake's this? that with such fury
 shakes
 My lofty Turrets from their Base? and
 makes
 My marble pillars totter, as they meant
 To sink into the Centre? the event
 Of these strange terrours certainly must be
 Sad prefaces to th' book of misery,
 Which now is open in me; every page
 Of which is able to affright the age
 To hear it read, make Nature mourn and keep
 My Obit, nay the world's great Genius weep.
 How vaine are humane glories? why should men
 Repine to meet a dissolution, when
 Even in an instant, such vast frames as I,
 Castles, and stateliest marble fabricks die?
 Nay Monarchies, such as have seen (the light
 Of the whole world) the Sun rise faire and bright,
 And set within their limits, quickly have
 Had all their greatnesse shrowded in the grave
 Of that sterne tyrant Destiny, who flings
 His various stormes on Kingdomes, nay on Kings,
 Who though they heavens immediate figures be,

Cannot evade this sad fatality :
When like loud thunder violent, or the North,
Its sudden tempest hideously breaks forth,
As 't has on me, who have for many yeares
Out-shin'd the state and lustre of my Peeres.
Great Hampton Court, faire Greenwich, Richmond
and

The pleasant None-such ; that I seem'd to stand
Equall with *Lo'uure*, or that work of all
So much admir'd Spaines costly Scuriall :
Who since that prince of Prelates, *Woolsey*, laid
My firme foundations, have as Empreffe swaid
O're all the British pallaces, and beene
The constant Residence o' th' King and Queene,
That with their presence royall, did adorne
My well-built Fabrick : As continued Morne
Had dwelt about my cheeks, whose every ray
Appeard sufficient to create new day
Forth of the Chaos ; As if t' had begunne
Here to doe Homage to the Easterne Sunne,
Which never more shall red with blushes rise,
To see himsele out-shin'd by th' orient Eyes,
Of those pure Constellations : that still went
About me, made me seeme a firmament
Of moving starres : and unexampled I
Was held the seat where Earth's best Deity
Ioy'd to reside. As I had beene the summe
Of pleasure, the worlds sole Eliseum.
Then were the times, when in my infant pride,
Great *Henry* (who my buildings dignified
First with that supreme honour) did resort
Hither, entituling me his Sovereigne Court.
When he his conquering Ensignes did advance,
Over the bowels of insulting France :
When *Turwin* trembled at his fierce Alarmes,
Where *Maximilian* his Emperiall Armes,
The Roman Eagles bravely did display
Without dishonour, taking Englands pay.
When conquerd *Tournay* sent his spoiles to adorne

My walls for such Illustrious trophies borne.
 Then who like me was happy when that King
 To me did all his mighty triumphs bring.
 That Honours owne brow could not boast more
 Bayes

More wreathes of Palme, then in those happy dayes
 Grew to my temples : And when filken peace
 Had ty'd wars furly rage up ; what encrease
 Of blessings flow'd about me then ? as Thames
 In its curl'd waves, had swallowd the foure names
 Of those sweet Rivers that did once surround
 Eden, and I had beene that happy ground
 Pregnant with Aromatick Balme and spice,
 The first created, long lost Paradise.

Then did the worthies of that famous Age,
 Make me the constant, the continued stage
 Where they did act their Revels, Mirth, and Sport,
 Being the harmlesse Genii of the Court :
 When tilts and turnaments did to the life
 Imitate without blood-shed, wars hot strife.
 Then gentle Love did all his Cupids arme,
 To wound the Ladies (such wounds cause no
 harme)

And strike the stubborne and more marble hearts
 O th' gallant Heroes with his flaming Darts.
 And when that King had run his mortall race,
 The thronging stars striving to make him place
 Among their weaker fires : his hopefull sonne
Edward (whose vertues all affections wonne)
 That little Eye of Nature, the Delight
 O th' Kingdome, by his bloods undoubted right,
 Wielding this Scepter, did confirme to me
 The former charter of my Sovereignty.
 So did his Sister *Mary*, though her raigne,
 (Cause fraught with trouble) scarcely did maintaine
 Me in my wonted ornaments, when she,
 Who was the very soule of Majesty,
 That virgin Queene, whose unexampled glory,
 Gives truth to fame, and miracle to story ;

In whose pure frame, as in their sphears were set
The starres of *Tudor* and *Plantaginet*.

Eliza, rul'd, then I began to weare
A dresse of Excellence, more rich, more cleare,
And full of wonder, then Fames bounty coud
Ere clothe her brazen pillars in. I flood
The envy of all Nations; then in me
All blessings strived to make an unity.
Then from the whole world, I did tribute take
Brought into me by that great Neptune, *Drake*,
Who furrow'd up the threatning Oceans face,
(And swift as billows doe each other chace)
Pursued the steps of honour through the maine,
Rifling the treasures of scarce known *New Spain* :
Whose Mines and Towns he ranfackt, and ran on
(Big with a noble brave Ambition)
Through all opposing dangers, till he hurl'd
As twere a girdle 'bout the spacious world.
Then did I groan under the unvallued weight
Of spoils cast on me in that Eighty Eight ;
When that same huge Armado did invade
The British Seas with terrour, and display
(In forme of a vast Crescent on the flood)
Itselfe as if t'had beene a tall growne wood :
Till our small Navy did it selfe advance,
(Resolv'd to stand the utmost storme of chance)
Against that monstrous Fleet, that even defide
Heaven in its infinite ambitious pride,
And boldly led on by that Son of Fame,
Our valiant Admirall, noble *Nottingham*,
Gave them fierce battell ; then in fire did flie
Like thunderbolts in lightning from the skie
The deathfull bullets, splitting with their stroak,
The knotty ribs of their tough Biscaine Oak :
Cracking their Masts, and with their sulphurous
breath

Giving their Ships fresh wounds to let in death :
Which as they sunk cast forth a purple flood,
And drownd in water, drownd the waves with blood.

The waves that by th' forc'd motion wrought so high,
 As they had meant to hang teares i'th' Suns hot Eye,
 Who in a maze obscur'd his golden light,
 While clouds of smoak transform'd the day to night.
 The affrighted Mirmaids flockt in shoales to see
 That dissolution of Mortality.
 And as it were in pitty did instead
 Of their false Charms, chant requiems to the dead.
 The seas blew Sexton, *Triton*, making graves,
 Did work so hard he sweat amidst the waves :
 And *Proteus* now a constant visage weares
 Of sorrow, shedding pearles in stead of teares.
 Then what was rich and precious in that Fleet,
 With it the joyfull Conquerours did greet
 Me at their home returne from these brave broyles,
 As I had been the temple where the spoyles
 Of that renowned sea fight ought to be
 Hung up as Trophees to white victory :
 Nor were all these all triumphs that did fall,
 During this reigne, on me (then blest White-Hall)
 A thousand ornaments my rooms did gaine,
 Fetcht from the richest Cities of proud *Spaine*.
 When that same joy of manhood whom his fate
 Did afterwards render unfortunate,
 Illustrious *Effex* with auspicious failes,
 Set forth to th' conquest of Herculean *Cales*.
 Where great *Alcides* fixt his pillars, and
 Writ *Non plus ultra* to the then knowne Land :
 That City glorying in the Indian ore
 As low as earth humbled her head before
 That conquering Earle, while her tall towers and
 spires
 Burnt (as 'twere Martyrs) in those hideous fires
 Themselves made for themselves, till their huge frames
 Consum'd to ashes in their own bright flames.
 Then did I flourish, then my spacious rooms
 Were hung with Arras, nay with Persian looms.
 Then did my walls drest in rich colours vie
 With Roman Pallaces for Imag'ry :

Mosaick paintings (though I'm now forlorne)
Did then my costly gilded roofs adorne.
Statues of Parian Marble such as might
The amorous *Pigmalion* invite
To laugh at his dull workmanship, did grace
My walks and gardens : then in every place
The wheat crownd Ceres (with her head unthorne)
Freely advanc'd her plenty bearing horne ;
The most delicious viands in full state
Serv'd to my tables in huge antick Plate :
While plump *Lyæus* with green Ivie crownd,
Danc'd up to th' eyes in precious wine, a round
Through my large Lobbies : then those sons of chine
And pith, the Guard carow'd black Iacks of wine
In stead of fingle beare ; then did they eat
Without controule that emperor of meat,
The lusty chine of Beefe ; while I did seeme
With magazines of plenty still to teeme
Without least feare of barranneffe : the spring
To me her beauties did as offerings bring,
The glorious summer and rich Autumne paid,
Their blessings as my tribute : while this maid
Was my imperiall mistrisse winter's breath,
Had not the force to freeze my youth to death :
Which then like the Arabian yeere was seene,
With gorgeous face still flourishing and green.
No civill broile or forraigne feare did fright
Me from my daily practise of delight ;
Iustice was then return'd agen to earth,
Those blissefull times gave no sinister birth
To fowle oppreffions ; then within my frame
Nere had been heard that so detested name
Of a Monopoly ; nor by Patent made
Lawfull, were iniuries to every trade ;
But each one then did under his own vine,
Eat his bread freely and carouse his wine ;
Which knew no Medium, then 'twixt those extreams
Of white and claret ; then the common theams,
Of the glad people were full of joy and praise,

Of those superlatively happy dayes.
There were no clamors heard within my gates,
Of men iniustly rob'd of their estates
By powerfull Favourites : no faction then
Reign'd, lesse an emulation amongst men
Who should doe worthiest things. As in a hive
The Bees small pallace, where each one does strive
Which shall most honey to the store-house bring,
Deflouring those chaste Virgins of the spring
The azure violets, that hang downe their heads,
While they suck all their sweetnesse from their beds :
With which their thighs fulfil'd, they nimbly flie
(Carrying that victim of their industry)
Into the common dwelling, where they sing
Triumphant peans to their ayrey King :
So 'twas in me, each striv'd who should excell
Others in acting the States businesse well,
Who could most frequent by th' worlds eye be seen
Ready in service to that virgin Queene.
No tumults then, attempted were by th' rude
And many-headed beast, the Multitude :
(To whom the present times seeme ever worst,
Praising the past they never knew) they durst
Not then in mutinous troops have past by me,
As if they meant to fright bright Majesty
Out of my bosome ; then there was no strife
Ith' Common-wealth about religion rife.
But all was peace and justice, which then grew
Together like the Gemini. 'I knew
No gawdy fashions then from giddy *France*
Brought hither since to be the Courts mischance,
Sick of that forraigne pride, whose various dresse
Has ushered in effeminate wantonnesse.
The Lords then in their native habit went,
Which was as comely as magnificent.
The Ladies then their genuine beauties ware,
Ignorant of the imposture of false haire :
Nor did they their owne red and white attaint
With that foule treason against Nature, paint :

But each one striv'd with cunning art to finde
New wayes of vertue to adorne their mind.
Such was my fate, so temperate and just,
It ne'r knew riot, nor convers'd with lust.
Nor did my glories, when that virgins breath
Expiring seemd to bring the Island death,
End or diminish. A new starre brake forth,
As bright and quickning from the boisterous North,
Darting its cheerfull influence through my rooms,
Which did from mournfull solitary tombs
Resume their pristine lustre : when great *James*
Had past the Twede to view imperiall Thames,
Whose swans, in stead of their own dirgies sing
Triumphant welcomes to the long wishd King ,
Whose each look was a starre, and every smile
The Sun that quickned. with new life, this Isle.
This *James* who the two Kingdomes did unite,
As happy *Henry* the red rose and white :
This *James* the darling and delight of fate,
Borne for the *Solomon* oth' British State.
This king of more then Kingdoms, all mens hearts ;
Monarch of letters, Emperour of arts :
When he his happy peacefull reigne begunne,
What plenteous streames of joy and blisse did runne
Through all my veines ! what a full throngd resort
Did beautifie each corner of my Court !
When armes, as uselesse, were hung up, no jarre
Was heard, no noise of home or forraigne warre.
The Muses then did flourish, and upon
My pleasant mounts planted their Helicon.
Then that great wonder of the knowing age,
Whose very name merits the amplest page
In Fames faire book, admired *Johnson* stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood
Quaffing crownd bowles of Nectar, with his bayes.
Growing about his temples ; chanting layes,
Such as were fit for such a sacred Eare
As his majestick Masters was ; to heare,
Whom he so oft pleas'd with (those mighty tasks

Of wit and judgement) his well laboured Masks.
 Then those two thunderbolts of lively wit
Beaumont and *Fletcher* gloriously did sit
 Ruling the Theater, and with their cleane
 Conceptions beautifying the Comick Scene.
 And noble *Donne* (borne to more sacred use)
 Exprest his heavenly raptures ; As the juice
 Of the Hyblean roses did distill
 Through the Alembeck of his nectard quill.
 Chapman like *Homer* in me often reads
 His Oddises, and lofty Iliads.
 That I did rather then appeare to be
 The worlds best furnisht learnedst Academy,
 Then the Kings pallace : who when fatall fire
 In its malicious fury did conspire
 To ruine part of my faire buildings ; He
 Great *James* renewd with State and Majesty,
 Like to himselfe, that goodly Fabrick, which
 Is for materialls, as invention rich ;
 On polisht marble pillars, which shall stand
 To speak his fame, while this renowned Land,
 Free from all the invasion of all forraigne harmes,
 Is wald about with Oceans watry armes.
 For which faire ornament I must bestow
 My gratitude on worthy *Inigo*,
 Whose skill in Fabrick did direct each part
 Of that excellling frame with powerfull art.
 Yet should I silent be, the very stones,
 So quaintly laid, will speak the praise of *Iones*.
 But now the sands of his full glasse being run,
 In the Imperiall chayre his royall Son
 (Whom heaven protect, and with a prosperous reign
 Grant to rule this faire Island, and maintaine
 It in tranquillity and happy peace,
 To Justice and Religions full encrease)
 Brave *Charles* succeeded. Then my joyes renewd,
 As Eagles their old feathers being mewd.
 I with his vigorous prefence warmd, grew yong,
 My witherd frame appearing farre more strong

Then at its first foundations ; mirth and sports
Like fayries tripping through my happy Courts.
When *Englands Charles* the great in me was seene,
To give a gracious welcome to his Queene,
That flower of *France*, her sexes fairest pride,
Maria Henrietta his deare Bride,
Who with a numerous progeny has blest
The British Kingdom ; which in peace and rest
Was pregnant with felicity, untill
Like torrents falling from some lofty hill,
Or like some sudden storme out of a cloud
Mischiefe came thundering from the North so loud,
As 'twould have wakend death ; thence thence did
rise

Those teares which dwell in seas about mine eyes.
Then 'gan my stately world admired head
To shrink, when *Charles* a puissant Army led
Into the field, with resolution hot,
To tame the daring valour of the Scot :
Who urg'd (it seemd) by some Imagind wrong,
Their confidence being as their force was strong,
Came marching hitherwards : but yet white peace
By its all powerfull goodnesse caus'd to cease,
Those so lamented discords ; and did bring
In safety to me, home my much lov'd King :
And as a Taper which ere it expires,
Collects together, its concluding fires ;
As 'twere to light it selfe to death, displays
Ere it extinguishes a sudden blase ;
More flaming glorious than it's perfect shine
Could ere expand ; so did those beames of mine
Break forth, extending a gay sickly light,
And now 's obvolv'd in an ere-lasting night :
Since *Charls* his absence ; as you've seen the ayre,
Which yesterday was so serene and faire :
Heaven's forehead wore no wrinkles ; curle its brow
Into a thousand dusky furrows now :
So tis with me, who am enforc'd to shroud
My face, which yesterday contemnd the cloud :

That now obscures it ; timorous to see
 That which encreases still my misery.
 Where are those beauties now from whose each eye,
 Flew winged flames of love and majesty,
 That trope of Ladies, who so oft did gild
 My stately roomes with their own looks, which filld
 All my Dimensions with rays pure and bright
 As was in Paradise, the worlds first light ?
 Vanish'd like shadowes, they no more appeare,
 The Sun being set ; death now inhabits here,
 And a continued dulnesse, now instead
 Of those soft measures which so oft were led
 Over my spacious floores there does intrude
 Its meager selfe, that nothing solitude :
 In stead of Musick, such as by the Spheares,
 And tunefull Orbs is breathd to enchant all Eares :
 Vpon my Turrets nightly there does howle,
 The most prodigious and portentous Owle :
 Nothing but feare and terrour in me dwels,
 Such as is resident in those dark cels,
 Where nought but death rains ; what contagious
 fin

Of mine committed, 'gainst Great *Charls* has bin
 The cause of his long absence, I am sure
 I'm in my innocence as cleare and pure,
 As in my infancy : why then should he
 Inflict upon me, this sad destiny ?
 Why should I languish like a faire young bride,
 Thus desolate, being causelessly deni'd
 The comfort of my spouse, who now in arms,
 Exposed is to the dangerous alarms
 Of a rude civill-warre, which if a prayer
 Has power to qualifie ; Ile fill the ayre
 With Orisons, as zealous as my faith,
 Wit, or religion ; nay invention hath
 Forc'd to produce : may these Domestick broyles,
 Like morning dew dry up, without those spoyles,
 Of Kingdoms fire, and bloodshed : May there be
 'Twixt King and Subject such a Sympathy,

As 'twixt the foule and body, as each part
By strickt relation beares to th' head and heart.
May the King love his subiects, they obey
His iust behests, till his great Empires sway,
Be fixt and lasting in his name and blood,
While this faire Island overlooks the flood.
Showres of continued blessings softly fall
Vpon him, that the wishes of White-Hall
May prove true and prophetick : who must mourn
In widdow'd sadnesse, till best *Charles* return.





On the Death of the Right Honourable
Francis Earle of Bedford.

ELIGIE.

WHat apparition's this ? who is't that weares
 About him wrapt a Christall shroud of tears :
 Who is't that in deaths mansion breathlesse lies
 In stead of tapers, having grieve swolne eyes,
 Stuck round about his Hearse, what an amase
 Begot by grieve and wonder, here displays
 Sorrow in's blackest Ensignes ; as if all
 Mankind intomb'd were in this funerall :
 My admiration leaves me now each breath,
 Sighes in sad accents, glorious Bedfords death.
 The Iron Souldier that 'ith rage of warre
 Nere wept, when all his body was one scarre :
 Nor sigh'd at groanes of Infants, now does keep
 His Obit, and, like a soft Virgin, weep :
 The Courtier whom religion scarce would win,
 Ere to diffuse a drop for his loose sin :
 Now unconstrain'd part in this sorrow beares,
 And weares no other Iewels, but his teares;
 Wrapt in sad Cyprisse, misseltoe, and yewe :
 Their Daphne layd aside the noble crue
 Of Phebus Priests lament him ; till their cries
 Turne all to Epicedes and Elegies :
 Nay in this sad distemper of the State,
 When most mens softnesse varies into hate,

All now contend in mourning to be chiefe,
 And know no other passion but their griefe :
 He whose Illustrious vertues with his blood
 Ioynd, did intitle him both great and good :
 Who with a modest sweetnesse striv'd to win
 All mens affections, as if there had bin
 In his pure essence multiplyed, every part
 Of true nobility fixing in his heart ;
 Which seemed the spheare where honour did re-
 side

Without the least formality or pride.
 Not like those curious great ones, who create
 Factions and strange distractions in the state,
 Who by malignant Councils strive to bring
 Distempers on the Kingdom and the King :
 Who though their violent Councils overwhelm
 The vessell strive to be advanc'd to th' helme.
 Like the Suns daring off-spring, nere content
 Till they've atchivd the Chariots government ;
 Which when their feeble forces cannot guide
 Like him they boast in great attempts to 've
 di'de :

No he was wise, and from ambition cleane,
 Esteemd the truest safety in the meane :
 His actions being temperate and free
 From crime, except too much humanity.
 Who shall like Bedford now, instruct the age
 Both by example, and the patronage
 Of true religious piety, how to be
 Fruitfull in works of publike charity :
 Who with a noble and ambitious zeale,
 To encrease the glory of the 'Common-weale ;
 Did those two works of wonder (which shall stand
 To speak his fame in after times to th' land ;)
 Built Covent-Garden and (that spacious plaine)
 The Fens his cost and industry did gaine,
 From the surrounding waters. where to show
 What a devotion his Intents did owe
 To heaven, (lest men its worship should neglect,)

In each a Church his bounty did erect : (1)
Such was his life, it never did enforce
The great mans envie, or the meaners curfe.
And now his effence by that mortall warre,
'Gainst nature deaths tranſlated to a ſtarre :
His Name ſhall live, while never dying verſe
Has power to hang freſh glories ore his hearſe
Which ſhall extoll and dignifie his Name
Among the Nobleſt Heroes, which old Fame,
Has in its laſting Chronicles inrolld,
In characters of ruſt contemning gold :
Till to perpetuat Bedfords merited glory,
He be his houſes, nay this Nations ſtory.

(1) In Covent-Garden, at Thorny Abby in the Iſle of Ely.





On the right Honourable *Henry* Earle of
Manchester, Lord-Privie-Seale.

ELEGIE.

WHat reverend ghost is this which to my view,
 Presents the shape of noble *Montague* :
 As if 'twould beckon me to 's herse, to come
 And sing his honoured Epicedium :
 I doe obey thy fummons, nay and boast
 The glory cast on me by thee faire ghost.
 Which I perceive now, to be truly he
 Who living bore the stile and dignity
 Of Earle of Manchester, and for the weale,
 O th' Kingdom sat long time Lord-Privie-Seale.
 He who when living truths example stood,
 To teach great men how to be great and good :
 Nay to be wise and learnd to act each part,
 Of their lives scene with vertue and with art,
 Which he made vertues handmaid, and with skill
 Manag'd his greatnesse without greatnesse ill :
 Who is't that has not in the faire pursute,
 Of honour read the name of *Montacute*,
 That boasts it selfe derivitive to be,
 From those great ancient Earls of Salisbury,
 That did our English glories so advance,
 In all our Conquests over vanquishd France :
 From whence this Earls descended, who did draw
 Conscience with filken chaines to kisse the Law :

All whose great Offices to his lasting grace,
He pass'd exalted from Recorders place,
To be th' Kings Serjeant, who did then prefer
Him first chiefe Iustice, then Lord Treasurer ;
And after by his gracious free consent,
Confirm'd him of his Councell president.
Hence knowing his integrity and zeale
To Iustice, made him last Lord-Privie-Seale.
Can he then fall unpitied, and not have
A thousand fluent eyes to wash his grave :
Those men must mourn him surely who did by
His Iudgements gaine long banish'd equity ;
As if divine Astrea at his birth,
Had flown on Turtles wings back to the earth ;
Her own just precepts freely to impart
To him, and multiply them in his heart.
And now he is immortall ; loe from far,
Me thinks I see the aged Manchester,
Shine a new starre in heaven, and with his bright
And gilt reflection, beautifie the light ;
Where he shall live for ever, and be read
Here in his works of piety, though dead
His mortall frame be, yet his noble name
Shall live eternizd, by the tongue of fame,
And while the world lasts, his *Al-Mondo* shall
Stand candidate for honour, even with all
The works of learned Writers, and his prayse
Be by time's hand adorn'd with wreaths of bayes.
Thus vertue can secure men dead, and give
Life to their memories which shall ever live.



On the Noble, and much to be lamented
 Mrs. *Anne Kirk*, wife to Mr. *Geo. Kirk*,
 Gent. of the Robes, and of his
 Majesties Bed-Chamber, who was
 unfortunately drowned passing
 London Bridge, *July 6. 1641.*
 an Anniverfary.

ELEGY I.

W^Hat rumor's this, that on the tongue of fame
 Flies like a prodigy ? as if it came
 To fright the Genius of the world with feares,
 Nay change its moving essence into teares :
 Now, now irrevocably flies the sound
 Her sexes pride ; illustrious *Kirk* is drown'd.
 See how bright troops of virgins, who from farre
 Appaere, resembling every one a starre
 Drown'd in a sea of pearle, doe sadly rise
 From her lov'd urne, each one without their eyes,
 Wept out, or there left burning as they'd lent
 Those lights for tapers to her monument.
 See how the Matrons lay their tires aside,
 And only in their sorrow take a pride,

Their forrow which now beautifully weares,
 In stead of diamonds, carcanets of teares.
 Where shall we find a frame so fully grac't
 With vertues in so rich a body plac't ?
 That it was truly held the unmatched shrine
 Of humane beauties mingled with divine :
 As if the heavens and nature did agree,
 In her to fix the greatest sympathy
 Could be between them ; what was faire and good,
 Inclusive possibly in flesh and blood.
 Who with her gentle 'haviour and deport,
 Did gaine the love, not envie, of the Court.]
 And yet she fell untimely ; like a rose,
 Which in the morning sweetly does disclose
 Its purple beauties, till the winds in love
 Doe with their frequent boisterous kisses move
 Its fragrant leaves so rudely, that ere night
 They witherd fall ; so she did, the delight
 Of womanhood and vertue ; in whose grave
 Lie more than ere mortality shall have.
 Agen to boast, whose glories shall (when all
 Her sexes Legends unapochryphall
 For truth and beauty) in fames book be writ,
 As a large preface fix ith' front of it.
 That when posterity reads the rape has bin
 Acted by death on this bright Cherubin ;
 The virgins may her annuall Obit keep,
 And big with noble emulation, weep
 To understand their sexes richest store
 Consum'd on her ; Nature's become too poore
 To frame her equall beauty, or display
 Such art and wonder in succeeding clay.
 And though this Ladie fell, the spoile of fate,
 Who with too rigorous haste did antedate
 Her day of destiny, nothing could be found
 Cruell enough to give that desperate wound,
 But the false waves, who as they meant to inshrine
 Her (whom they took for sea borne Ericine)
 In watry armes, officiously did skip

With fluent motion from each lip to lip,
 Till being enamour'd on her balmy breath,
 (Cruell in love) they kist her even to death :
 And viewing then no more life to remaine,
 Like Crocodiles they wept ore her they'd flaine.

ELIGY II.

THe year's revolv'd, and now once more is come
 The day in which she suffered martyrdom,
 And 'gainst the usuall custome did expire
 In water, holily as those the fire
 Did sanctifie for heaven, who us'd to take
 Delight to runne to the flame bearing stake.
 Had she like them beene to've receiv'd her death,
 Ere the weak fire by the winds pregnant breath
 Could have beene blown into a flame, our eyes
 Should have preuented tyrant deaths surpris,
 And let fall such a huge contracted teare,
 Able to quench fires element in its spheare.
 This was the day, when that same subtle thiefe
 Fate stole earths comfort hence, and cast a grieve
 Perpetuall as her virtues, ore the face
 Oth mournfull world, which can afford no place
 For mirth or sport, till celebrated be
 The annuall requiems to *Kirks* memory :
 Which grows more precious, like rich mighty wine
 By being long kept ; or reliques in a shrine
 Preserv'd as sacred, which inviolate hold

The Charter of their fame though nere so old.
With what a serious griefe doe men relate
Loffes in their particular Estate ;
The toyling husbandman will many years
After rehearse unto his rustick Peers
His past misfortune, when the Somers heat
Did blast his fruit, or mildews hop'd for wheat.
The greedy Merchant, if he doe sustaine
A losse by shipwrack in the flattering maine,
Sighes at its memory ; which does still renew
His wealth then drownd to his vext fancies view.
And must wee not lament, are we not bound
Upon the day when glorious *Kirk* was drownd ;
When natures sweetest fruit did blasted fall,
To solemnize with teares her funerall :
Yes to diffuse a deluge, that as shee
By water met her pitied destiny,
That element to expiate its black crime
May spend its moisture on her dust, till time
Diffolve ; and we translated to the skies,
(Where teares are wip't away from all mens eyes)
Exalted to her fellowship may be
Her blest companions ith' felicity
She with the Saints possesses ; but till then
Her losse must be the griefe of all good men.

F I N I S.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein (1640).

This Play was reprinted in Baldwyn's Old English Drama Lond. 1824, from the impression dated 1639.

PAGE 3.

*The Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein, Late Duke of
Fridland, and Generall to the Emperor Ferdinand the
Second.*

“After the battle of Lützen, Wallenstein punished with death many generals, colonels and inferior officers who had not behaved well in that battle. He soon repaired his losses, and his arms were victorious in Saxony and Silesia. But his haughtiness became insupportable, and he openly manifested his design to make himself a powerful member of the empire. The Jesuits and foreign generals at the court availed themselves of the inactivity of Wallenstein to calumniate him to the Emperor; and Wallenstein having refused to relieve the Duke of Bavaria, preferring a campaign in Silesia, this prince, his old enemy, joined the secret enemies of Wallenstein. They represented him as designing to overthrow Ferdinand's power in Germany, and the Emperor was the more ready to believe the accusation, as it transpired that

France had offered to aid Wallenstein in obtaining the crown of Bohemia ; but Wallenstein rejected these propositions, and continued to show his earnest desire to drive all foreigners out of Germany, enemies as well as friends. The Emperor ordered him to withdraw from Bohemia and Moravia, and to take up his winter-quarters in Lower Saxony (December 1633) ; but Wallenstein neither would nor could obey this order, which he regarded as a violation of the conditions on which he had resumed the command. Upon this Maximilian of Bavaria urged the Emperor to dismiss his disobedient general ; and Wallenstein, having been informed that the Emperor had resolved to do it, declared that he would resign his command. His faithful lieutenants urged him not to abandon them ; and in order to prove their invariable attachment, they signed a declaration at Pilsen on the 12th of January, 1634, in which they promised to stay with Wallenstein as long as he would be their commander. This is the famous declaration which has always been represented as a plot against the Emperor. Piccolomini, Gallas, and several other Italian and Spanish officers availed themselves of the occasion to ruin Wallenstein ; and the Emperor, believing their mis-statements, signed an order by which Wallenstein was deprived of his command and declared a rebel (24th January). Piccolomini and Gallas were commissioned to take Wallenstein, dead or alive. The order was kept secret, but something transpired, and Wallenstein, in order to prove his loyalty, relieved his lieutenants from their promise to stay with him till the last moment (20th February). On the following day he sent two officers, Colonels Mohrwald and Brenner, to the Emperor, to declare in his name that he was ready to resign, and to justify his conduct ; but Colonel Butler, an Irishman, treacherously informed Piccolomini of it, and the two officers were seized and not allowed to see the emperor, who was still deceived by the enemies of Wallenstein. On the 20th February the emperor ordered Wallenstein's estates to be confiscated, and Pallas and Piccolomini approached Pilsen for the purpose of surprising Wallenstein. In this extremity Wallenstein took refuge within the walls of Eger ; and in order to save his life, sent Duke Franz Albrecht of Saxe-Lanenburg to Duke Bernhard of Weimar, requesting him to receive him with a small body of faithful officers and soldiers. Bernhard, as well as the Swedish chancellor Oxenstiern, declined the proposition, thinking

that it was only a trick. During this time Wallenstein remained in the Castle of Eger. He was accompanied by his most faithful officers, among whom were Tertzky, Kinsky, Illo, Neuman, and some traitors, such as Gordon, Butler, and Leslie, who were bribed by Piccolomini, and had promised to execute the bloody order of the Emperor.

On the 25th February, Gordon, who was commandant of Eger, gave a splendid entertainment to Wallenstein's officers, at which the duke was not present, on account of his ill-health. After dinner, an armed band rushed in, and the friends of Wallenstein fell beneath their swords. Wallenstein heard the cries of the murdered men. He opened a window, and asked a sentinel what it meant. Suddenly Captain Deveroux, at the head of thirty Irishmen, rushed into his apartment; and while his men shrunk back at the sight of their great commander, who stood before them defenceless and in his night-dress, Deveroux advanced and cried out, "Art thou the traitor who is going to ruin the Emperor?" With these words he lifted his partisan. Wallenstein, without uttering a word, opened his arms and received the deadly blow in his breast. He was always thoughtful, and spoke little, and so he was in his last moment: he fell and died silently.—ENGLISH CYCLOP.

PAGE 9.

[ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.]

Alex. Gill.

In 1608 the Mercers had appointed Alexander Gill, a Lincolnshire man and M.A. of Corpus Christi Coll., Oxford. Some changes had occurred in the constitution of the school during the century which had elapsed between Lilly's time and that of Gill. . . . It was no longer "poor men's children" that attended the school, if this had ever strictly been the case, but the children of well-to-do citizens presented by the Mercers.

[Milton entered St. Paul's School *circa* 1620.]

The paramount influence of the school lay necessarily in the character and qualifications of the two masters for the time being. These, at the time with which we are concerned, were

Mr. Gill, the head-master, and his son, Alexander Gill the younger, then acting as usher. . . . Young Gill, the usher or fur-master, was by no means so steady a man as his father. Born about 1597, he had been educated at St. Paul's School; had gone thence, on one of the Mercers' Exhibitions, to Trinity College, Oxford; and, after completing his course there, and taking orders, had come back to town about 1619, and dropped conveniently into the place of his father's assistant. There must have been from the first an element of bluster and recklessness about this junior Gill which annoyed his father, and cost him a good deal of trouble. Meanwhile his reputation was considerably above the common. As early as 1612, or immediately after his going to college, he had written a Latin threnody on the death of Prince Henry, which had been published among the many other effusions of the kind called forth by that event; and, during his course at Oxford, he had written other things of the same sort, both in Latin and Greek, some of which were also printed. The special character, therefore, which he bore among the boys of St. Paul's School, when at the age of twenty-two or thereby, he became his father's assistant, was that of a splendid maker of Greek and Latin verses. . . .

Such were the two men, not uninteresting in themselves, to whose lot it fell to be Milton's schoolmasters. He was under their care, as we calculate, at least four years—from 1620, when he had passed his eleventh year, to the winter or spring of 1624—5, when he had passed his sixteenth. . . . The young poet [Milton] had, of course, his friends about him to whom he showed his first attempts in composition. It is certain, at least, that the younger Mr. Gill was not left in ignorance of these or any other contemporary efforts of his favourite pupil in his own metrical art. Four years later, Milton, writing to him from college, and enclosing some compositions of that date for his inspection, compliments him as one whom he knows to be "a very severe judge in poetical matters, and a very candid critic, so far as he was concerned;" and in the same letter he speaks of recollecting Gill's "almost constant conversations with him," and regrets being absent from one from whose society he had never once gone away "without a manifest accession of literary knowledge." Gill was by no means the model of a man,

as regarded either character or temper ; but that he should have stood for a year or two in this relation to Milton, is something to his credit.—*Masson's Life of Milton*, Vol. I., pp. 58—78.

Gill was the author of a little volume of Greek and Latin verses, published under the following title : “ *Παρεργα, Sive Poetici Conatus Alexandri ab Alexandro Gil Londinensis, ab aliquam multis antehac expetiti, tandem in lucem prodeunt.* Lond. 1632, pp. 91.

Gill seems to have used the rod with some severity. In a copy of verses *On Doctor Gill, Master of Pauls Schoole* printed in the year 1651, we read :—

“ In Pauls Church-yard in London
There dwells a noble Ferker ;
Take heed you that passe
Left you taste of his lath :
For I have found him a Jerker :
Still doth he cry,
Take him up,
Take him up, Sir,
Untruffe with expedition.
O the Burchen toole
Which he windes ith' Schoole
Frights worfe then an Inquisition.”

PAGE 19.

That this insulting Emperor by his fall.

A line is apparently wanting after this.

PAGE 88.

THE LADIES PRIVILEGE, 1640.

This Play was reprinted in the second volume of *Bald's Old English Drama*. Lond. 1825.

PAGE 125.

Time shall depend like summer on your brow, &c.

The remainder of this speech also occurs, without any difference of wording, in *The Hollander* (Vol. I., p. 123).

PAGE 197

To Mr. Charles Cotton.

This is not the Charles Cotton who was associated with Izaak Walton in the *Complete Angler*, who was born in 1630, and was consequently only nine years of age when the volume containing these verses was published.

PAGE 212.

*Vpon the death of his Sister
Mrs. Priscilla Glapthorne.*

We have no indication of the age of the poet's sister, or of the precise date of her death. This Elegy, with a few verbal differences, is the same as the lines which close *Argalus and Parthenia* (Vol. I., p. 65).

PAGE 230.

Whitehall, &c. 1643.

The copy among the King's Pamphlets is dated in a contemporary hand, March 4, 1643.

PAGE 231.

To my noble Friend and Gossip, Captaine Richard Lovelace.

Richard Lovelace, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of

Woollidge, in Kent, was born in that county in 1618, and was consequently twenty-five years of age when thus addressed by Glapthorne. Lovelace was educated at Charterhouse School; and was matriculated at Glocester Hall, Oxford, June 27, 1634. At this time "he was accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." In 1636, when the king and queen visited Oxford, he was, "at the request of a great lady belonging to the queen," created Master of Arts, although but of two years' standing; his conversation and conduct on this occasion displayed his ingenuity and generous soul, and he became as much the idol of the male as he was before of the female sex.

On leaving the University he attended the Court in great splendour, and being patronized by Lord Goring (afterwards Earl of Norwich) was by him sent with the Scotch expedition in 1639, serving as an ensign; in the second expedition he obtained a captain's commission. About this time he wrote a tragedy called *The Soldier*, which has never been printed; and the Stage being soon after suppressed, was never acted.

After the pacification at Berwick, he retired to Lovelace-place, in the parish of Betherfden, at Canterbury: his estate there and at Chart Halden, &c., is said by Wood to have been worth at least £500 per annum, a handsome gentlemanly provision at that time. Such was the public estimation in which he was held, that he was made choice of by the county to deliver the Kentish petition for the restoration of the King, &c., to the House of Commons. He was for this obnoxious measure committed to the prison of the Gatehouse at Westminster; it was here that he wrote the exquisite little song to Althea, from prison, beginning "When love with unconfined wings."

After an imprisonment of three or four months he was released upon the enormous bail of £40,000, upon condition that he was not to stir out of the lines of communication without a pass from the Speaker. His liberal spirit in furnishing men with horses and arms for the credit of the King's cause—in relieving the necessities of ingenious men, scholars, musicians, and soldiers; in supporting and assisting his brothers Francis and William, who

were engaged in the King's service, and the education of his younger brother Dudley, had already impaired his fortune.

After the surrender of Oxford in 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the French King, commanded it himself, and was wounded at Dunkirk; previously to this he had paid his addressees to a lady of great beauty and fortune, whose name was Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called LUX CASTA; to his misfortune a report of his death of wounds received at Dunkirk reaching her, and being believed, she was soon after married to another. It was principally to her, and in her praise, that his poems were written. It is supposed the print prefixed to them and engraved by Faithorne from a design of Sir Peter Lely's, contains her portrait, and in compliment to her they bear the name of *Lucastra*.

In 1648 Lovelace returned to England with his brother Dudley, then a captain in his regiment; and upon their arrival in London they were both committed prisoners to Peterhouse, where he amused himself with arranging and committing his poems to press: they were published in 1649; but many of them had previously been printed in musical publications, having been composed by Lawes, Gamble, and other eminent composers.

His liberality and his loyalty had entirely consumed his estate; so that when, upon the death of the king, he was set at liberty, he found himself in the world without the means of support, and reduced to such a hopeless condition that, in the words of his biographer, "he grew very melancholy (which brought him into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants," &c. In such sad reverse of fortunes did this gallant and spirited being linger out his wretched existence until 1658, when death terminated his sufferings. He expired at very mean lodgings in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church.

Such (given almost exactly in the quaint language of Wood), was the romantic history of Glapthorne's "noble friend and

gossip." Whether Glapthorne himself experienced similar reverses can now be only a matter of conjecture. That in the heyday of youth and fortune the two had been linked intimately together throws a little ray of light, however, on our dramatist's biography, being, as it is, a fact placed beyond all possible doubt by this Dedication.

THE END.

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